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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE KNOCKED IT OUT.

HOW DR. MARY WALKER, WHILE TRAVELLING ON A CONNECTICUT RAILWAY, RESENTED THE SMELL OF A QUEER CIGAR.





RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

### IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

### THE CRANKS AGAIN.

We ought to be getting a better and more virtuous people every year—if the cranks and fanatics are really doing the world any good at all. We ought to be getting purer and more honest and more civilized every day—or else the cranks and fanatics have painfully deceived us. Murder ought by this time to be unknown among us. Theft should have been forgotten long ago. Prostitution ought to be a myth and human happiness ought to be universal and eternal—unless the cranks and fanatics are all wrong.

It is a curious but characteristic feature of crankism that it pronounces everything wicked and criminal which is a pleasure to other people. In the Puritan days in England the gloomy Pharisees who were running the Commonwealth then drove the theatre as the fountain of all vice and crime, and yet never was there more libertinage than among the Puritans.

In some parts of Scotland, at this day, there is one breed of cranks celebrated for their pious observance of the Lord's day, as they call it. They won't allow musical instruments to be played in their churches, nor will they so much as permit a meal to be cooked. The quantity of whiskey drunk in that part of Scotland, however, is said to exceed the consumption everywhere else, and the number of bastard children is almost incredible. Almost every young woman there has had an illegitimate offspring.

In New York and its neighborhood the cranks have devoted themselves to two big tasks—the suppression of sport and the restraint of the press. Take, for example, the outrageous way in which, thanks to the industry of a few Pharisees, the race track and the boxing match have been followed up and persecuted, and in every possible way discouraged. The spring and summer seasons have been one continued story of ill treatment and unfounded interference with the turf, so that an American enterprise which at one time promised to have a world-wide superiority is now dwindling down to nothing. And so, also, with the boxing match. In spite of judicial decisions the cranks and fanatics have made it almost impossible to conduct such an exhibition within a reasonable distance of New York.

What has been and what will be the result? The death and disappearance of sport? The reduction of the entire community to the views and opinions of the Maw-worms who would like to run it?

Not a bit of it. As for racing, nothing can suppress it short of a national revolution. Men like the Lorillards, the Dwyers and the rest have been driven to blend their money and their influence with those of the veriest blacklegs who infest the turf. For the cranks and the fanatics, instead of seeking the assistance and alliance of respectable sportsmen, actually force them into making combinations which not even an act of the Legislature will be able to overthrow.

So with pugilism and boxing. Deep-seated in the hearts of all manly Americans is a firm conviction that there is as a matter of fact, nothing criminal and nothing immoral in a form of exercise which calls into play the manliest and most wholesome faculties. Such a conviction as that is not to be shaken by any mere shame-faced, cowardly statute, smuggled through a Legislature for fear of offending the goody-goodies who are supposed to control, in some mysterious way, the politics of a community. And that is why, no matter how active the police may be in straining a point in favor of the law, or how eagerly Mayors and Sheriffs may try to curry favor with the Pharisees, what Abraham Lincoln called "the common people," will have its own way and enjoy the pleasures sanctioned by its own judgment.

### STAGE WHISPERS.

Jos. Polk will open his next season in Pittsburgh in September.

"Zitka" is said to be the best romantic drama since the "Two Orphans."

Rose Eytting's husband, Cyril Searle, is dying. His lungs are gone beyond help.

During Lawrence Barrett's last tour, which was unusually prosperous, not a lithograph was used.

Miss Rhea sails for the United States August 1, to open her farewell tour August 25 in St. John, N. B.

Henry E. Dixey begins an engagement of two months at the Standard theatre, N. Y., Sept. 6, in "Adonis."

Miss Alice Larimer will be the leading lady in Frank Mayo's company next season, playing Wanda in "Nordeck."

Mme. Janish is in Paris, and writes that she has purchased a large assortment of handsome "frocks" for next season's tour.

Fanny Davenport opens her next tour Oct. 11 at the Union Square theatre, New York, where she will be seen in a varied repertoire.

Poor dear, old Genevieve Ward will not arrive in this country till about the first of September. She will then begin rehearsals for "The Queen's Favorite."

And now Annie Pixley is said to have bought another play. This sort of thing is becoming monotonous, though there is no doubt but that the public are tired of "Mills."

Charles Greene has been re-engaged for next season as the business manager of "The Shadows of a Great City." His wife, Annie Ward Tiffany, continues in the company as *Biddy Bonan*.

Thomas W. Keene has never been in better health than at present, having entirely recovered from his illness of last winter. He begins a starring tour of the principal cities Oct. 4 in Pittsburgh.

Six children will be carried with the Ben Maginley "May Blossom" company next season. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. C. H. Thompson have been engaged solely for the purpose of looking after the little ones.

"The Maid of Belleville," comic opera by Millocker, has made a distinct success at the Star theatre, N. Y., and will be the chief card of the Alfa Norman English opera company on the road next season.

The "Soldiers and Sweethearts" company which will tour the country after its run at the Bijou Opera House, New York, will include Frederick Darrell, Owen Westford, Chas. Vincent, R. J. Dunstan, Miss Susie Russell, Ada Mary Drew and Mad. Rayna Linne, said to be from the Scala Theatre, Milan.

Mr. Newton Gotthold will play the following parts with Lawrence Barrett next season: *Barpo Pope, the jester*, in "Francesca da Rimini;" *Don Leo Desseva*, in "Hernani;" *Master Heywood*, in "York's Love;" *Louis XI.*, in the "King's Pleasure;" *Ghost*, in "Hamlet" and *Brutus*, in "Julius Caesar."

"Daddy Nolan" looks destined for a long and successful run. It is already in great demand with out-of-town managers, and it will be taken on the road in the fall for a tour of the country under the direction of Mr. W. O. Wheeler, the enterprising young manager who has had charge of Mr. Sully's business affairs for two or three years past.

The outlook for salaries in the dramatic companies for the coming season is not encouraging. There is still greater cutting down than there was last year. There will also be fewer companies, as many of those that went out last fall will not be able to command the means for another venture. The profession is overcrowded and managers can make their own terms.

The further West they stand the more gorgeous are the theatres. Thus Chicago boasts more lavishly decorated theatres than are those of New York, and is in turn outdone by Denver, where Senator Tabor put up a theatre of unmatched splendor. It also leads in the matter of cuspadores, of which it has one hundred or more. Just think of it, a hundred cuspadores! Not even the Grand Opera at Paris can beat that!

Mr. Harry Miner is making an effort with the managers of New York theatres to do something akin to the recent action of the managers of Chicago—to abolish the lithograph and the free tickets that appertain to it. He has already received the pledge of Mr. R. E. J. Miles and that of Mr. Theodore Moss, that, if he can get the majority of the managers to join him, they will go in it also, and refuse hereafter to issue tickets for window privileges.

The fattest comedian in Great Britain was a widower last month, but has recently married one of the sweetest girls in the kingdom. They are in the full of their honeymoon:

"Will you love me forever?"  
"Dearest one, I will."  
"As long as we live?"  
"Yes, love, and longer."  
"And beyond the grave?"  
"Yes, in heaven or in—(aside). No, no, I've promised that to my first wife."

The charge against the manager of the Casino, St. Louis, of running an immoral show was dismissed. Judge Cady, in dismissing the case, remarked: "It depends upon how a man's mind is running when he enters these places. If he is hunting this kind of fun he must expect to find it—in fact, you will find the old bald-heads in the front row looking at the girls' legs. If a man is so depraved in mind that he puts a vulgar construction on what he sees and hears it may please him; but the pure in heart would not hear such things. The prisoner is discharged."

A lady who lives in Dorchester, near Boston, and whose income exceeds \$40,000 a year, is deeply interested in the subject of the drama. She believes that the American dramatist has not had his chance, by reason of the bigotry of managers, and their general negligence and lack of perspicuity. The Theatre is informed that she is seriously considering the plan of building a new place of amusement in either Boston or New York, to be given up to the production of the best works of American writers. She recognizes the fact that "Hamlet" would go begging nowadays.

### A TREACHEROUS TROOPER.

Lieut. McBlain to be Court-Martialled for Deserting His Wife.

Lieut. John F. McBlain, of the Ninth Cavalry, whose nomination for promotion to First Lieutenant was rejected last spring by the Senate, has succeeded in complicating his case to an extent that will in all probability cost him his commission, as he is to be tried by a general court-martial, which is ordered to convene at Cheyenne, Wyo. This is the young gentleman in whom Representative Kelley took so much interest as to bring about his rejection as stated above. McBlain is a very blonde young man of less than thirty years, who was born and raised in one of the Philadelphia suburbs, and who enlisted in Capt. Norwood's troop of the Second Cavalry in 1872, and served five years in Wyoming and Montana, most of the time as a sergeant. When he was discharged, in 1877, he returned to Philadelphia, where his blonde curls and soldierly ways captivated a pretty young woman, who became his wife.

In the following year he again enlisted in the same troop and was at once made a sergeant and he performed his duties so well that he was recommended by his captain and the colonel of the regiment for promotion, and in the fall of 1880 was appointed a second lieutenant in the Ninth Cavalry, a colored regiment. In entering upon his new sphere of life as an officer he seems to have determined to cut loose entirely from all that could remind him of his former station, and after making love to and winning a young heiress in Kansas, where he was serving, he at once set about procuring a divorce from his wife.

To do this he was forced to conceal his operations from both women, and in this he came to grief. He concluded that California was far enough away from both women to be safe, and with this troop in the Second Cavalry had at one time been on the Pacific coast he entered suit in San Francisco for divorce on the ground of desertion, and alleged that he was a resident of California and that he was ignorant of his wife's whereabouts.

The divorce was granted and his scheme was to be completed by a wedding soon as he had gained a step in rank. Before this time and while the divorce case was pending he continued in correspondence with the wronged wife, sending her at times small sums of money, but at last told her that he had been divorced, as his present station in life was so far above her own that he could not take her to an army garrison and introduce her to the ladies of other officers' families. In fact, he told her plainly that, while she was good enough as the wife of a sergeant, she could not fill the bill as the wife of a cavalry lieutenant.

The injured and insulted wife wrote to Hon. William D. Kelley, who investigated the case, and when McBlain was nominated for promotion explained matters to members of the Senate Military Committee, so that on their report the Senate decided that he was unfit to be a first lieutenant, and a junior officer to him was promoted over his head. This action of the Senate hastened to the court martial just ordered. The court is composed of thirteen officers (none of them of the cavalry) and a judge advocate, and will be presided over by Gen. Henry A. Morrow, colonel of the Twenty-first Infantry. McBlain has been serving in Capt. Rucker's troop at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, but is ordered to Cheyenne for trial.

### MAXWELL SENTENCED.

After Condemning Him to Die in August, the Court Grants a Stay Till October 2.

Shortly before noon July 14th Judge Van Wagoner ordered Maxwell, the murderer of Preller, to be brought into the Criminal Court, St. Louis, for sentence. He entered the room under the escort of a deputy sheriff. He was pale and worn, and his eyes glanced nervously around the room. Inside the bar he was met by his attorney, Mr. Fauntleroy, who informed him that an appeal was prepared and would be presented as soon as sentence was passed. Judge Van Wagoner told the prisoner to come forward, and Maxwell walked to the railing, and leaning upon it, looked at Judge Van Wagoner, who continued:

"Hugh Brooks, your motion for a new trial and an arrest of judgment having been overruled, it now becomes my duty to sentence you in accordance with the finding of the jury. The Court orders that you be taken from this place to the prison whence you came, there to remain in the custody of the Sheriff until Friday, the 27th of August, 1886, on which day you be taken to the usual place of execution in the city of St. Louis, and there, between the hours of 6 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon, you be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

A few moments' silence followed the sentence. While the Judge was speaking the prisoner's head sank upon his breast. It was with a trembling hand that he signed the motion for an appeal handed him by his counsel.

The appeal to the higher court having been taken, Judge Van Wagoner granted a stay in the execution of the sentence till October 2.

### A FIENDISH OUTRAGE.

Information has just reached Urbana, Ohio, of a fiendish outrage that occurred near St. Paris. The deed was committed on Saturday night last, and an effort has been made to keep the terrible crime suppressed until the suspected parties could be arrested. Mr. Bowen, a respected and well-to-do farmer, lives four and a half miles north of St. Paris. On the night above mentioned there was a company at his house, and when bedtime came, being crowded for room, the daughter, a young lady of eighteen years, slept on a lounge in the sitting room. When she retired she left the window open. After having been asleep for a while she was awakened by a revolver being pressed against her head, and held by an unknown man by her side. She was threatened with instant death if she made an outcry. The man had a rope and tied the girl to the lounge, and then outraged her person. The brute then escaped through the open window and disappeared. The unfortunate girl screamed as soon as she could gain strength, and her father came to her room to find her tied to the lounge, her clothes badly torn and his daughter injured by the outrage. The description of the man answers to that of a noted tough in that neighborhood, and if he can be captured and his guilt proved he will surely be severely dealt with, as Mr. Bowen's neighbors threaten vengeance.

### OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

#### How He Worked It.

C. A. Fisk, of Philip City, Arizona, is the son of a well-known temperance advocate and reformer. We illustrate on another page the fix in which he lately got caught.

#### A Mixed Crowd.

We print elsewhere an illustration of a scene in a dive on what is known as the levee at Chicago, in which negroes, prostitutes, policemen and thieves consort to have a good time drinking beer.

#### A Necktie Party.

At a mass meeting of workwomen held in New York the other day a committee reported that rich society women in this city shake silk neckties under the market price for the trade. Their husbands pay for the materials and all they make is net profit. So, for mere pocket money, they reduce working girls to starvation prices. We illustrate one of these necktie parties on another page.

#### Arming His Abused Wife.

John H. Wixom, whose wife was pelted with rotten eggs at Kawkaulin, Mich., recently by irate neighbors, who charged her with immoral conduct, has returned to his home and sustains his wife in all her acts. Mr. Wixom, who is a well-to-do business man, manifests the firmest confidence in his wife and has provided for her a revolver with which to defend herself from any man, woman or child who may molest her again in his absence. The impression gains ground that Mrs. Wixom was in no wise imprudent in her actions during her husband's absence or at any other time, and the women who are known to have resorted to eggs to set the seal of disapproval upon their neighbor have been practically ostracized by the more conservative portion of Kawkaulin society.

#### Food for the Gallows.

While little Eliza Charman, of No. 91 West Canton street, Boston, was playing in Blackstone Park with a score of children she was called by an old man, shabbily dressed and rough-looking. He drew the child into conversation, and, taking her tenderly into his lap, asked her if she would like to take a ride in the horse-cars. She objected at first, but offers of candy and presents were too much for the little five-year-old, and, taking the old man's hand, they went out to Washington street and boarded a car for Roxbury. She did not return. The police were notified and thirteen mounted men started in pursuit.

The scoundrel was captured by the police after trying to abuse the little girl. He was taken to the station to keep him from the vengeance of the crowd.

#### A Bold Innovation.

Chaperonage, it appears, covers as many indiscretions as charity covers sins. Not long ago, the yacht of the then commodore of the New York Yacht Club anchored off Shelter Island. Two well-known ladies were stopping at the Manhasset. When they got up to take their morning swim, they spied the commodore's pennant, and a happy thought struck them to swim out to the yacht. They did so, and on arriving alongside were invited to join the commodore and his men friends at breakfast. The fair sisters did not require much pressing before they accepted the invitation, and they joined the breakfast party in full-throat, bathing dress. Some weak-kneed friend, wholly unacquainted with the usages of modern society, ventured to remonstrate with one lady on her indiscreet conduct, but was promptly rebuked when told it was quite *en regle*, as she was "chaperoned."

#### Made Insane by Love.

Miss Seenev Du Bois, a respectable and intelligent young woman of Paterson, was taken to the county jail the other day. It took three policemen and several bystanders to get her into the ambulance. She has become insane, and it is said disappointed love is the cause. She imagines that everybody in the world is conspiring against her except Dr. Neer, a Paterson physician, and the surgeon of the First Battalion, N. G. N. J. Her confidence in Dr. Neer, who is her mother's physician, would be ludicrous if it were not pitiful. She runs to him with all her troubles and insists in going where he is on all occasions. On Sunday afternoon she attempted to climb into the buggy in which the doctor was riding through the street, but she fell to the ground and was badly bruised. So it was decided that it was better to lock her up. The policemen could not get her to the station house until Dr. Neer came to their assistance. She follows him blindly anywhere, and seems to be hopelessly in love with him. As the doctor is already married and there is no reciprocation of this affection, the girl's attentions are extremely embarrassing. It is believed by physicians that a course of treatment in the asylum will cure her of her affliction.

#### No Pay, No Funeral.

George W. Wilson, aged forty-six years, who kept a small barroom and boarding house in Eighth avenue, between One Hundred and Forty-third and One Hundred and Forty-fourth streets, died Wednesday last, leaving a widow and four small children utterly destitute. After engaging Undertaker Denis O'Mahoney, of One Hundred and Thirty-first street and the Western Boulevard, to look after the burial, Mrs. Wilson sent a message to Thomas Armstrong, secretary of Monitor Lodge, Knights of Honor, a benefit association, of which her husband had been a member, stating her husband was dead and requesting the lodge to see that he was properly buried. To her surprise she received a reply to the effect that her husband had been suspended for non-payment of assessments, and that it was unconstitutional for the lodge to bury him or pay her his insurance of \$2,000.

Undertaker O'Mahoney had made all the arrangements for the funeral, but when early Sunday morning he heard that the lodge would not pay the funeral expenses and had learned that Mrs. Wilson had no money, he took the body out of the ice box where it lay, placed it upon a sofa, and then, notwithstanding the widow's supplications, drove off with his ice box and benches. In the afternoon Undertaker John B. Caden, who has been boycotted by the Rev. Stephen Merritt's Undertakers' Association, was notified of the case by a neighbor, and he went to the house with a coffin, hearse and one coach, and gave the dead man a decent burial. The interment was in Greenwood Cemetery.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Elise Gerlach.

The young woman who was found dying on the edge of the bluff at Fort Lee, one afternoon last week, with three pistol shot wounds in her temple proved to be Elise Gerlach, who was a chambermaid at the house of Charles H. Clayton, 352 West Thirty-second street, this city. Her lover was a carpenter, of First avenue, who had promised to marry her, but had put off the ceremony from time to time on the plea that he was out of work and could not support her.

Mr. Clayton is a very old gentleman, whose wife has been dead some time. His household consisted of Mrs. Bachwood, the housekeeper, Elise, and one other domestic. Elise had been in his employ three and one-half years. Mrs. Bachwood said that Miss Gerlach was of German birth. She had some education, and was very modest. She had never received the attention of any man until after last New Years. On that day Gustave Henny called on the cook, and he was introduced to Elise. He immediately became very attentive to Elise, who was fascinated by him. He called so often during January that Mrs. Bachwood remonstrated with Elise, and then the girl confessed that he had promised to marry her in the near future. Even then Henny came often, and Elise, who had been sufficiently warned of her peril, was unable to break from him. Mrs. Bachwood and Mrs. Lein then arranged to have Henny marry the girl, whether he had work or not. Henny agreed to go to Mrs. Lein's with her on Wednesday to make the final arrangements. Elise was to leave her place on Friday, and the ceremony was then to be performed. On Wednesday Elise got a letter from Henny telling her that he had just got a job in Yonkers, but that she must go ahead with her arrangements and it would be all right. Elise went to her sister, feeling rather doubtful about her lover. Mrs. Lein sent her son William, a lad of fourteen, with the girl to 95 First avenue, where Henny lived with a family named Grim. There Mrs. Grim told them that Henny had packed his goods and gone away with them, saying that he had got a job in Philadelphia.

Elise went home in distress and spent the night packing her trunk and writing two letters—one to her sister and one to her lover. The letter to Henny was placed at the bottom of a little pasteboard box with a pair of gold bracelets on top of it, which he had given to her. On top of the clothing in the trunk was a savings bank book showing that she had saved \$200 from her wages.

On Thursday at noon she went to Mrs. Bachwood, fell on her knees, and, burying her face in her friend's lap, cried for a long time. Then she said she would go over to Grim's again to see if anything had been heard from Henny. She left the house at 4 o'clock. She was not seen after that by any one who remembers her until three hours later, when an old French couple found her dying on the bluff.

## A Wronged Woman's Vengeance.

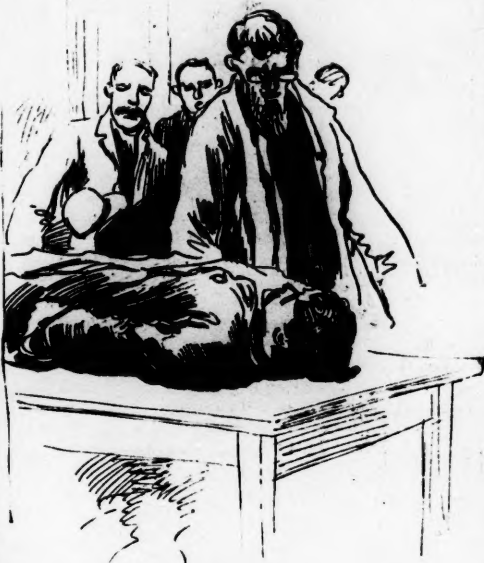
The other night, as the concert in the plaza, at Sacramento, Cal., was drawing near the close, there was heard a loud explosion near the southwest corner. The thousands of people upon the ground believed it to have been caused by a bomb, manipulated on the street by some one imbued with the Fourth of July spirit, and there was a rush in that direction. A few moments later Charles Neale, leader of the band, announced from the stand that the concert was at an end, owing to one of the musicians having been shot accidentally. A reporter of the Bee, not giving the noise serious thought, hastened away and found a surging crowd in front of the drug store of R. E. Gogings, the door of which was locked and guarded by Officer Farrell. Pushing through the curious crowd, entrance was gained, and upon the floor was found a young musician, J. A. Klein, lying dead. In order to assist in dispersing the crowd, the body was soon removed to a rear room and placed upon a table out of sight of the street throng. In the store was a young brother of the deceased, sobbing, wildly beating his own head with his hands, and begging Charlie Neale to go and tell the parents of the death—an unnecessary request, as the mother had been taken home from the plaza crazed with grief.

The coroner soon removed the remains to the Morgue, where the distracted parents saw their dead son. There, too, a throng of people had to be kept out by locked doors. On the street there were various rumors, statements that deceased shot himself, that he had been killed by a woman, and that a brother of a wronged woman had fired the fatal shot. But as the reporter had known of pending trouble the truth was quickly surmised. Then, anticipating that a woman who would deliberately commit such an act would not attempt to escape, but would be more apt to proudly march to jail, the police station was visited, and there

the slayer was found in the office of Chief of Police Dillman. She was clad in a loose, light-blue dress of light material, prettily embroidered, from beneath which peeped a pair of pretty feet. She was tall, rather handsome and stylish, her face flushed somewhat, and there was a wild look about her eyes as she sat and conversed about the deed to a group of officers and reporters. But she spoke with a calm voice, sometimes laughing lightly, and not a muscle of her hands or arms trembled as they lay basking in a neat black cloak across her lap. It seems that as soon as the shot was fired she hastened to her home and was there found in readiness for arrest by Officers Kent and Sullivan. She had told her parents of her act, and made a package of several bottles of medicine she desired to take with her, but which were examined and pronounced harmless by a physician before being given to her in jail. In a reporter's book she voluntarily wrote her name in good style as Feany Wiesel, age twenty, and the residence of her parents as Ninth and M streets.

The circumstances which led up to the tragedy can best be told as related by her, though in a condensed way. She spoke substantially as follows:

"I did not ask him to live with me, but simply to marry me, and, to some extent, to cover up my shame, as I am to become a mother. He spoke of the disgrace, I think, that would be mine even in marriage. He was afraid people would then be convinced of the truth of the charges I had made. He had talked horribly of me upon the streets. We had been engaged about a year ago. Last February we quarreled because he had been jealous. A man, who was a fool, asked me in a note to meet him in the Orleans Building, and even to elope. I had declined to do so. I explained all this to Klein. So one day in February he followed



"Dead as a ducat!"

me up town when I was going to see my sister, Mrs. Kuchler. When I was leaving, about dark, he stepped up and asked me for the privilege of walking with me. I said he could if he behaved. We strolled by the Grammar School Building, at Sixteenth and J streets. There he threw me against a fence and outraged me. It was the only time he or any one else had anything to do with me in that way. I received bruises about the chest and face. After the crime had been committed a young brother of Mr. Kuchler came along and reproached Klein for acting in that manner. After that Klein came occasionally to our house, sneaking in under the pretense of seeing my brother. "Well, two months ago, when he would not marry me, I thought I would frighten him. I bought a pistol at the gun store on credit, and did not have any loads put in. This failed, and I talked to the City Attorney and the Judge; also, to J. N. Young as a lawyer. Even the day I met Klein down here, when we were left alone on the lounge, he got up and opened the door. I told him then he was a coward, but I had left my pistol at home, as I promised Judge Henry I would, or this gentleman would have been dead before tonight.

"He dug his own grave, and his mother helped him do it. I hope it will be a warning to every other gentleman. I went to his mother and told her that, as a matter of right, if she had any motherly feeling she



The woman in the case.

should have her son marry me. She declined. I told her I would kill him. She said she would kill me if I did. After I was down here, I met Klein at Fifth and K streets, and he said that his final answer was no. When I said that I would shoot him he laughed and said I did not have pluck enough, and he would live to be a thousand years old if he waited for death at my hands. So at night I went to the gun store and exchanged the nickel-plated pistol for a blue one, which I gave to the police. The nickel would have attracted



Buying the pistol.

attention and somebody might have stopped my arm. Well, at night I finished my dish-washing at home and stole away. I was determined to shoot Klein, no matter where I could find him. He refused to come to the house. Before going I put on an old hat and slipped an old dark wrapper over this. Then I went to the Plaza where he was to play. I knew that he never took part in the air, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and that when that was commenced he would leave in order to play at the Elite dive, so I stood in the shadow of a tree and waited. Several people noticed me there, and I heard one speak my name. When Klein came along I was on the walk, and he almost touched me. I followed a few yards, then placed the pistol up behind his head and fired, and he fell in the gateway without a word. I had cocked the weapon before entering the grounds. I had not thought the pistol would kill him so quick."

## A TARGET FOR HIS PISTOL.

Probably a Murder by a Man Jealous of His Wife's Friend.

[Subject of Illustration.]

George Carver, of Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., was arrested July 15, and brought to jail in Poughkeepsie, charged with attempting to kill Cornelius Cobaskey, of that village. At 1 o'clock in the morning Carver, who was up looking after a sick horse, saw Cobaskey enter his gate, remove his shoes and stockings, and pick up a handful of gravel and throw it against a window. Carver, who had secreted himself under a bush, stepped forward with a drawn revolver, and aiming at the intruder's head, fired. Cobaskey felt a sudden stinging sensation across the top of his head and fled to the street. Carver fired again, the next shot missing his intended victim. Then he shot the third time and the ball went into the pocket of Cobaskey's coat, a silk handkerchief arresting its progress. Carver fired the fourth time and the bullet



The bloody deed.

penetrated the fleshy part of Cobaskey's hip and the man sank to the ground. Carver then jumped on top of him, striking him over the head with the butt-end of his revolver and kicking him in the stomach.

The shots and cries of the victim brought a number of people to the scene, and Cobaskey succeeded in releasing himself, and staggering down the street for three hundred yards he entered the house of William Burke, a relative, where he fainted. Dr. L. C. Wood was summoned and found Cobaskey's clothing saturated with blood. He was removed to his mother's house and the wound was probed. The ball was traced over 2½ inches of its course and then all trace of it was lost. The doctor fears that it has struck the bone and entered the abdominal cavity, in which case Cobaskey's recovery is impossible. Carver, after being arrested, asked if Cobaskey was dead, and, on being answered in the negative, remarked that he hoped all his time and ammunition had not been wasted.

Carver came from England two years ago, bringing his wife and several children with him. He took up his residence next to Cobaskey's house. The latter's family are Catholics, as is also Mrs. Carver, but Carver is a Protestant. Carver and his wife some time ago had some trouble about hanging religious pictures. The Cobaskey family interfered, taking Mrs. Carver's part. A deal of ill-feeling followed this interference and Carver decided that the best thing to do was to go away and he did so, remaining absent a long time. In his absence Cobaskey visited his wife frequently, Mrs. Cobaskey becoming aware of it. Soon after the latter died. Carver, who was in Louisiana, returning to his home, learned that Cobaskey was a frequent caller upon his wife, and believing that he was intimate with her shot him as described.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

ONE OF THE BEST TONICS.

DR. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia Medica and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



There are many genial sporting men in the Sunny South, but none more popular than Mr. William E. Tinsley, whose good-natured face heads this column. Brother Tinsley holds forth in the good town of Spring Grove, Va., where he has a host of friends among all classes of citizens.

## Marie Prescott.

This charming actress and brilliant woman, who intends to star next season with a great company in the legitimate, is portrayed on another page. Salvini pronounced her the only great actress he had ever seen in America, a compliment which was thoroughly well earned.

## Pottsville Police.

On another page we print excellent portraits of the able body of police who protect the city of Pottsville, Pa. The force is composed of David Pritchard, chief; Charles Graeff, Henry Shay, John Stevenson, John J. White, G. W. H. Cooper, Zach Mardara, Nicholas Brown-Miller and Martin Keefe.

## Ross and Sprole.

These two Western desperadoes are to swing at Fort Smith, Ark., on the 23d inst., if nothing happens to prevent the execution. Kitt Ross is the cruel murderer of Jonathan Davis, at Chateau, while Lincoln Sprole was convicted of the murder of old man Ben Clark and his son Alexander on the 30th of May last in St. Paul's Valley, Chickasaw Nation.

## Sadie Heineman's Case.

It will be remembered that a few months ago the death of a very pretty New Haven girl by the name of Sadie Heineman caused quite a sensation in that city. She was very popular and of a most vivacious disposition, and was well known among the Yale students as French Sadie. Last week the Grand Jury found a true bill against Dr. Frank Gallagher. It's alleged the poor girl had suffered from some criminal operation, for which the doctor is now under the indictment.

## THEY CAUGHT LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Great excitement prevails among the blue-jackets of the North Atlantic Squadron, now in the harbor of Portland, Maine, on account of an arrest made the other afternoon by the police authorities of the city. Little Buttercup, a handsome young girl, and her mother the rumbust woman of the flagship Tennessee, were arrested for selling beer to the sailors. For many years has the rumbust woman waited on the war-ships in the New York Navy-Yard and supplied the tars with pies, cakes, pig's feet, sausages, cigarettes, tobacco, and occasionally with beer. When the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron were ordered to sail from New York for Portland, Little Buttercup and her mother followed the ships, arrived in Portland as soon as the fleet did and began to sell her goods to the sailors. While near Peck's Island in a sailboat two policemen boarded the boat and arrested all the parties for having beer on board, and after having passed a night in the station house were placed under \$400 bail.

## SHE WOULDN'T HAVE IT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Dr. Mary Walker, while traveling on a Connecticut railway, alighted from the cars for a little exercise, and becoming indignant at a man whose cigar burned too close to her face struck the cigar from his mouth. Not being recognized by him a fight was imminent for a time. The gamins found out who she was and she was hooted to the car, from the window of which she lectured the entire crowd.

## SOME SPORT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our sporting page this week illustrates Jack McAuley knocking out Dick Matthews at San Francisco; Wallace Ross defeating John Termer at Baltimore; Jack Dempsey's triumphant reception at the Baldwin House, San Francisco; Harry Wilkes winning the special purse at Pittsburg, and John L. Sullivan reading Frank Herald's spirited challenge to a match.

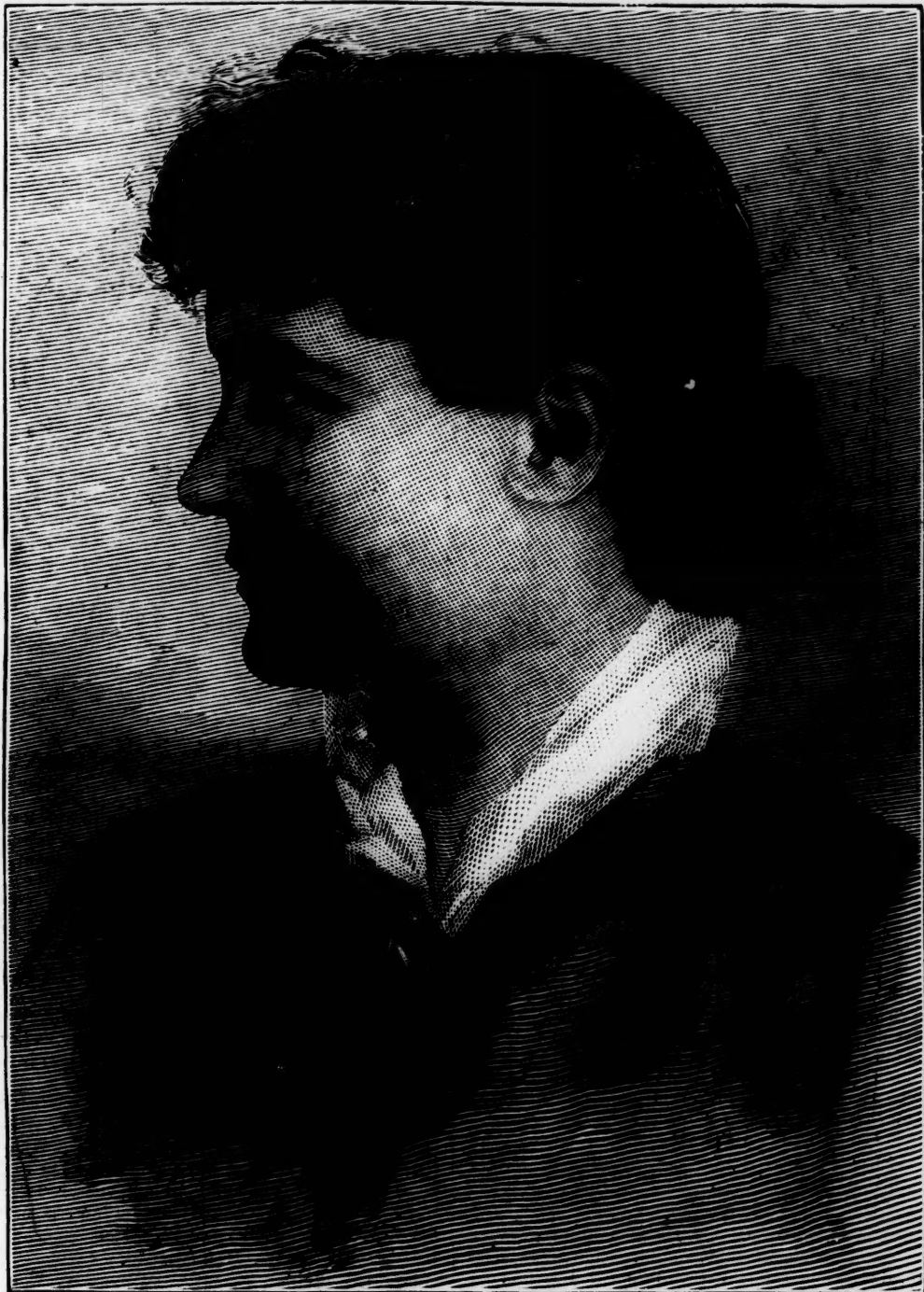
## A BATTLE IN A HOSPITAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Elsewhere will be found a capital illustration of a recent battle in St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, between two patients named Pettit and Duffy.

Newsletters and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., N. Y.

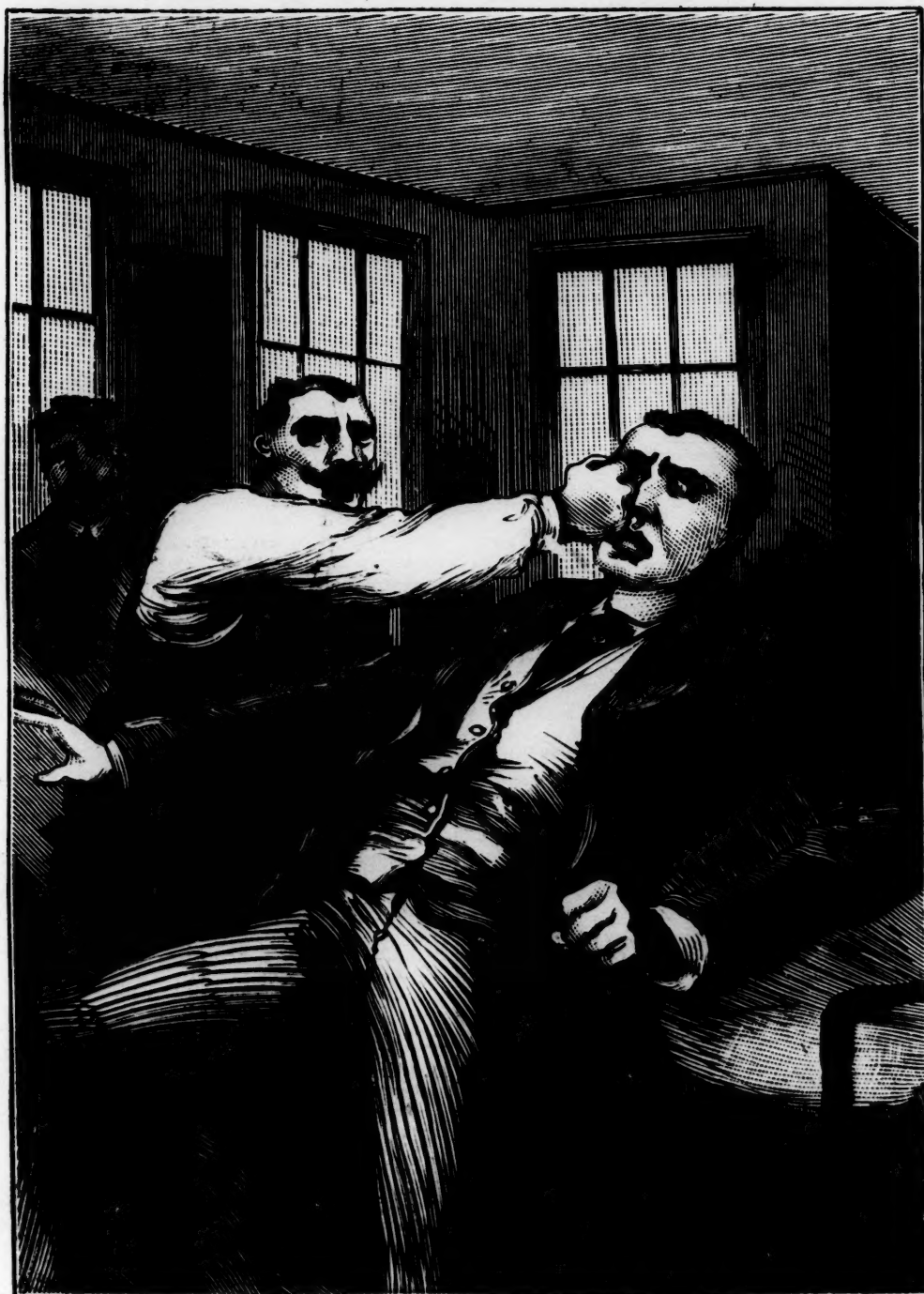




MARIE PRESCOTT,  
THE BRILLIANT YOUNG TRAGEDIENNE WHO IS TO STAR NEXT WEEK IN THE  
LEGITIMATE DRAMA.



A NEW SCHEME.  
HOW THE CYPRIANS OF CHICAGO EVADE THE LAW AND ASSUME A CHARACTER  
WHICH DOESN'T FIT THEM.



BATTLE IN A HOSPITAL.  
JOHN DUFFY AND JOHN PETTIT ENLIVENED A SICK WARD IN HOBOKEN, N. J.



THEY CAUGHT LITTLE BUTTERCUP.  
THE ARREST OF A BUMBOAT WOMAN AND HER MOTHER IN PORTLAND HARBOR, MAINE.





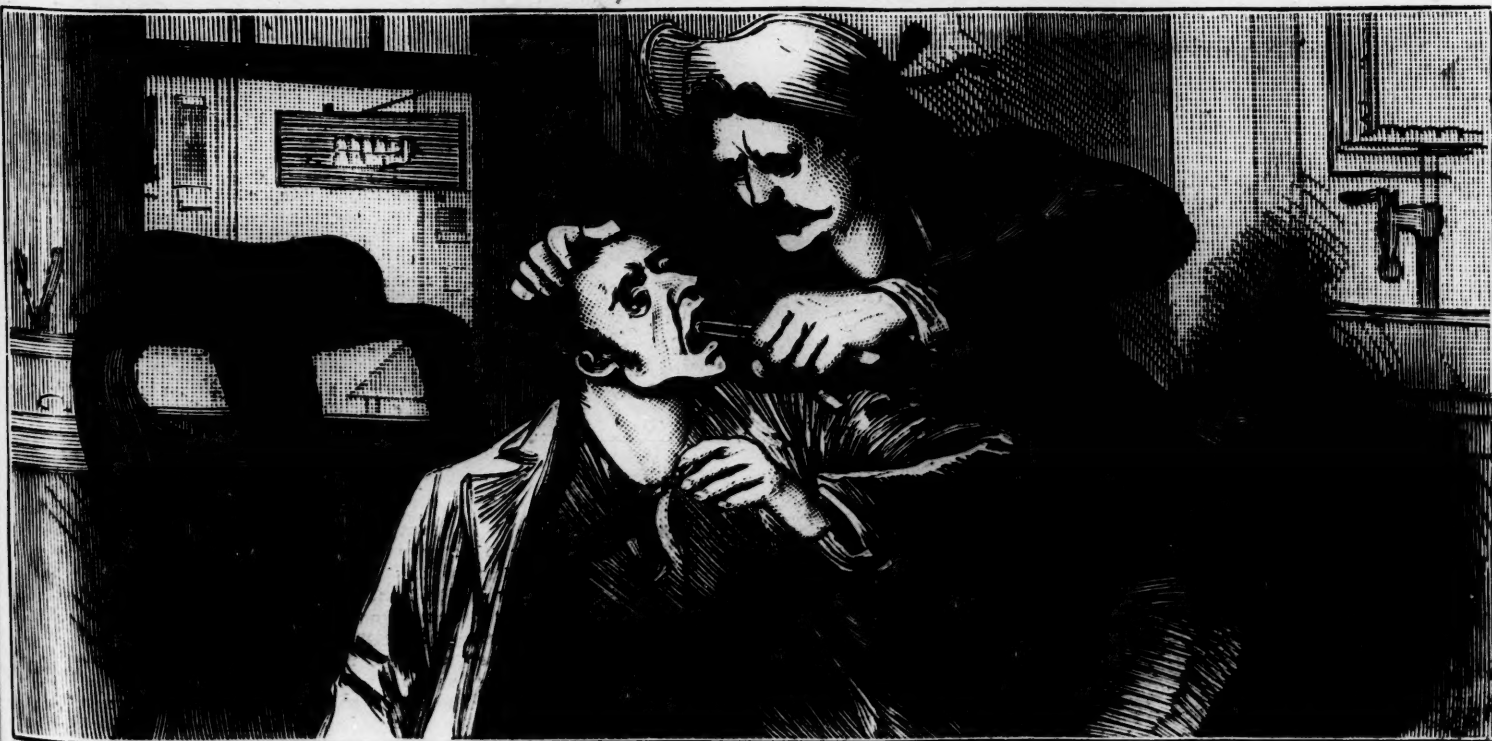
POTTSVILLE POLICE.

CHIEF DAVID PRITCHARD AND HIS ABLE ASSISTANTS WHO LOOK AFTER THE WELFARE OF POTTSVILLE, PA.



A NOVEL MARRIAGE.

THE ORIGINAL MANNER IN WHICH A. T. STEVENS AND MISS CAMILLA MARTIN OF SPRINGFIELD, TENN., COMMITTED MATRIMONY.



A COWBOY DENTIST.

CLAY ALLISON, OF LAS VEGAS, N. M., GETS SQUARE WITH A BUNGLING TOOTH CARPENTER.



SADIE HEINEMAN,  
THE YOUNG GIRL WHO MET HER DEATH UNDER  
STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



DR. FRANK GALLAGHER,  
CHARGED WITH ALLEGED CRIMINAL OPERATION  
IN SADIE HEINEMAN'S CASE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



LINCOLN SPROLE,  
THE SLAYER OF BEN CLARK AND HIS SON ALEX-  
ANDER, ST. PAUL'S VALLEY, CHICKASAW NATION.



KITT ROSS,  
TO SWING FOR THE MURDER OF JONATHAN DAVIS  
AT FORT SMITH, ARK.



# HELLISH HAGS

The Unspeakable Monsters Who  
Sell the Virtue of  
Little Girls.

## A THRILLING STORY.

What Elbridge T. Gerry Has Done For  
the Children of New York.

Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry is a millionaire. By birth and through marriage he is connected with the fashionable and luxurious life of New York. He is a lawyer by profession, and for a time he practiced it assiduously. But when he felt like taking up a philanthropic work, to the exclusion of selfish pursuits, his great fortune enabled him to do so. The cause that he espoused was the protection of children from maltreatment.

"There is in this city," said Mr. Gerry, "a class of men, old and young, most usually old, whose depraved, unnatural passions demand unnatural gratification.



The innocent cigar store.

It is impossible to understand why it should be so, but it is a sad fact that they constantly seek the ruin of little children. They go to lengths quite indescribable in their horrible pursuit of sensual pleasure.

"This demand, of course, creates a supply. There are women in this city who make it their business to procure little children for their customers. Why, sir, if it had not been for the prompt and decisive action of this society when it discovered this condition of things, there would still be material right here in New York for exposures rivaling the *Pull Mall Gazette* exposure. English methods of conducting the business were duplicated this side of the water, and the apparent character of the men concerned was something astonishing. The constant influx of poor, degraded foreigners makes our work unending. We have now cleaned the city of procurers and given the business a death blow, but it will revive in time, though most people here who would engage in it are frightened by the success that attends our legal proceedings."

The dealers in little girls are hardly ever persons



The raid of the police.

engaged openly in a career of vice. They carry on their infamous traffic under cover of some legitimate business. Commonly they try to make it appear to their customers that the girls are on their premises as employees in some legitimate work—that the corruption is incidental and exclusive. Several cases unexaggerated from the experience of Mr. Gerry's society will illustrate the point meant.

There used to be an innocent-looking cigar store at 46 Delancey street. Mr. Gerry became satisfied that all was not right there. His officers were put on the track by men who lived near by, and who claimed that they had seen criminal acts in the cigar store from their windows. But when the officer tried to see for himself from the same windows, he found it impossible to witness anything that was going on in the store. It became apparent that the informers had taken their observations from the inside and were ashamed to confess it. They had invented the window evidence. It took two months of persistent work, but he got it. The proprietress of the store was Rachel Goldcrantz, alias Fischer, alias Wischler. This woman had two daughters, one under fourteen, the other



An old timer.

sixteen. They were almost constantly in front of the store, and frequently other younger girls were seen going in or out. This in itself was not significant, but the presence of highly respectable men was curious. There was a lounge at the back of the shop and a small bedroom adjoining. After a time the officer caught sight of actions that were, to say the least, improper, but the final and overwhelming proof of the real nature of Goldcrantz's business came when she offered him choice of either of her own daughters. This was enough for the officer. He at once placed her and the two girls—including a third, aged ten—under arrest. Goldcrantz was terrified. She saw that she had been completely trapped, and having secured bail fled to her native Poland. For the purposes of the society this voluntary exile is perhaps as salutary as a long term of imprisonment, for it is not probable that she will return. Her daughters, strange to say, proved naturally well disposed girls, not at all in love with the life they were obliged to lead, and Mr. Gerry believes that they will remain as they are now, worthy members of the community.

It was in a pleasant suite of rooms in a respectable house at 99 Third avenue that Mrs. Henrietta Converse, accompanied by her "husband," took up residence. It was a long time before her business was noticed, for her callers were reputable and quiet. The clew was found in investigating little Nellie Thompson's truancy. This girl, thirteen years old, had been a daily occupant of the Converse rooms when her family supposed she was at school. By the efforts of the society she and other girls of about the same age were rescued and placed in suitable asylums. Converse attempted to play the highly respectable and indignant when he and his associates were arrested on Sunday morning, but he soon saw how damaging and



The bogus countryman.

direct was the evidence, and he dropped all title to the Converse name at once. A heavy fine was imposed on the madame.

The story of Katie Byrne is of a representative character. She was the fifteen-year-old daughter of respectable but poor parents. In an evil hour she met Rachel Howard, a most notorious procurer, whose establishment was in Thirty-second street. This woman took the little girl to her place, and, by what means is not known, induced her to become the prey of old libertines. The child received a trivial sum for her services, a portion of which, at least, she turned over to her mother every Saturday night; for the ar-



A "kids' dive."

range once begun was carried out systematically. Every morning Katie left home, pretending she had found employment in a factory, and returned regularly at night. When her parents discovered the truth they were heart-broken. Through the efforts of the society, Rachel Howard was brought to court and afflicted with a severe penalty.

The methods of Mr. Gerry to gain evidence may

fairly be illustrated by a case. From various sources he learned that little girls were in the habit of going to a dive in Spring street, and an officer was assigned to investigate. He dropped in casually one evening, assuming the role of a countryman who had come to the metropolis to see the sights. With too many such people this consists of such scenes exclusively as may be witnessed by gaslight in disorderly localities, the beauties of the place heightened by the magnifying power of the open end of a whisky glass. The dive in question was an ordinary dance hall. This means nothing more nor less than a rather large saloon with a clean floor. An ill-paid man pounds waltzes and polkas on a piano, ill-tuned, for a miserable, ill-conditioned crowd to dance to between drinks. According to the prosperity of the place, which means according to the liberality of the habitue in patronizing the bar, the pianist may be assisted by a fiddler, perhaps a cornetist or a second trombone. The supposed countryman from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is hindered by his suspicion whatever as to his object, and presently leads the dance with a fourteen-year-old girl for a partner. She loses no time in her crude, truly artless efforts to prosecute her business. Solicitation in bald, unmeasured language begins while the dance is in progress. That's what the dance is for. If the partner fails to respond readily to her entreaties, he is quickly and angrily abandoned to loneliness, unless he can indeed keep the girl hopeful by numerous treats at the bar. As long as she thinks he may get drunk, she hopes.

That is what the officer saw in Spring street. Just around the corner was a squad of police. When the supposed countryman issued from the dive they made a descent upon it and captured every inmate. Among them was six little girls, none older than fourteen.



Bound to the reformatory.

The proprietor was convicted and fined, the penalty being \$250. The girls were distributed among several charitable institutions.

Madam Willett had a signboard on the front of the house at 21 Bleeker street, announcing that the building was a crinoline factory. To sustain the illusion, she devoted the front room to a small stock of goods. The several girls were kept employed on the wares. This woman's husband had been a clergyman in New Jersey, and she had the looks and bearing of a kindly matron. But investigation showed that she trafficked in the girls, whose work was a mere cover for vice. Three children, aged twelve, thirteen and fifteen, were taken out of her den and sent to reformatories, while she was driven from the city.

An old fashioned wooden house stands at 304 Elizabeth street. It was for years the home of successive respectable families, and is now so again; but there was an interim, during which an old woman known as Mother Maumburg was a most horrible tenant. Her business, of providing young girls for her male customers was vulgar and audacious to the last degree. She made a shallow mockery of employing the girls at needlework, and usually had half a dozen thus in her possession. They came in the mornings and went to their homes at night, with rare exceptions. Her patrons were well dressed men, and it was a part of her system to pay the inmates of avowedly evil houses to send to her such fellows as desired to deal with her. In many instances it was found that the children were paid as little as fifty cents a day for their time, but others were shrewd and wicked enough to get a full share of the money paid for them. A notable instance of that was the case of Leah Lutzen, a Polish girl, aged

ed her operations to other parts of the town. She carried a memorandum book, lettered on the outside, "Subscriptions for the Seventh Street Lutheran Church Sunday School." There is no Lutheran church in Seventh street, but New York is a big city, and most of us do not know the locations of houses of worship.



On her way to the private office.

In the crowded tenement house region indicated, Leah would enter the office of a broker and walk coolly past the clerks in the private office. Her aim was to get into the presence of the man who might be there alone. Sometimes she was stopped outside, in which case she demurely presented her book and solicited a contribution of a dime. But if she got access to the inner room, and there found the clear opportunity to operate as an adventuress, she did it by at first proffering the book as before. Then she alertly awaited the chance to convey, very slyly, quietly and adroitly, the fact that she was the least bit frisky. If the subject of her experiment did not readily discern this, or intentionally ignored it, she went away without further effort. But if he possessed the wicked instinct necessary for her purpose, he presumed upon the situation to say something leading to her. The upshot was that, with apparent reluctance, and only after much urging, along with an offer of a liberal price, she consented to meet him in the tenement of a woman whom she thought might consent to the arrangement. She gave the number at 1126 Second avenue and the name of the woman as Brown. The man found, on going to the place at the appointed time, that Mrs. Brown had apartments on the third floor back, and that ostensibly she worked at shirtmaking. Leah was there, with her shy childishness of manner unrelaxed.

The exposure of Leah's business cleared the way to ridding Wall street of several girls of fourteen to as young. In one instance, as ten, who palpably were sent on various errands to effect associations with the speculators, and also invaded lawyers' offices down



Mrs. Brown, the shirtmaker.

town. Mr. Gerry's agents could not for awhile learn anything further, but now it came out that Mrs. Brown's rooms, which were so quiet that even her next door neighbor suspected nothing wrong, were the rendezvous. Her fashionably-clothed male visitors were not customers for the shirts which she pretended to make, nor did the little girls come and go on errands connected with their manufacture.

These facts could be extended to five times the space by means of others as astonishing. Of course, the indecencies of the subject cannot be more than hinted at. They surpass imagination or ready belief, but are not to be doubted, for they are the results of Mr. Gerry's experience, and that of his agents.

## A NOVEL MARRIAGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we illustrate the marriage of Mr. A. Y. Stevens, of the Nicholson House, Springfield, Tenn., and Miss Camilla Martin, who were joined together in holy matrimony on a special parlor car.

The cards of invitation gotten up by Mr. Stevens, and suggestive of the novel marriage in a railway coach, were very unique. On the outside of the envelope was the picture of the interior of a palace car with ladies and gentlemen in earnest conversation, and beneath the white cut was the "bridal train" of an uneven bride. The envelope enclosed within the outer was ornamented with the cut of a railway train climbing the ridge that is located just before it arrives at Springfield, near where the ceremony occurred. The card itself had a cut of the bridal supper served on the train.



# WAS IT A TRAP?

The Extraordinary Story of  
Mrs. W. P. Haft, of  
Brooklyn.

## A HUSBAND'S DEVICE.

How to Put Up a Job on a Wife You  
Want to Get Rid Of.

An action was begun the other day in the Brooklyn courts that unfolds a startling tale of domestic unhappiness, woman's trustfulness and human duplicity. The parties who figure in this remarkable case are a handsome woman, a well-to-do business man and a man who represents himself to the world as a "financial and business broker, mercantile collector and claim agent."

On the 7th of March, 1877, Mr. P. W. Haft was married to a young lady prepossessing in appearance and intellectually very bright. Mr. Haft is a coal merchant, who was then residing in South Brooklyn, but did business in New York at No. 1 Broadway. The wedded life of Mr. and Mrs. Haft was unpleasant almost from the start, the honeymoon being often clouded by many quarrels. Two children were born to them, but their presence did not serve to promote domestic felicity in the Haft household. Mr. Haft was a man, so Mrs. Haft says, of ungovernable temper, very exacting and hard to please. Upon pretext of injury to his happiness he brought suit for divorce from his wife in May, 1883, which resulted in a decision against him, the jury that tried the case deciding that he was not entitled to it, on the ground that whatever the faults with which he had charged his wife he had condoned them, and the proceedings were declared null and void. During this action and for sometime afterwards Mrs. Haft lived with her parents in this city. Haft sought to obtain a new trial, and pending his decision he paid all of Mrs. Haft's living expenses. His efforts for a new trial were unsuccessful, and in a spirit of revenge he refused, it is said, to contribute a cent to her support and declined to recognize her in any way. Mrs. Haft, after waiting for some time in the hope that he would relent in his determination to abandon her, applied to the court for a bill of separation and support and the custody of the children, who with her consent had been placed with Mr. Haft's mother. This case did not go to trial, because Haft, it was said, sent her, on hearing of it, the sum of \$7 per week. At the expiration of four weeks Haft met her, it was claimed, on the street, and, professing regret for their unhappiness and promising to do right in every way, proposed that they again resume their marital relations. Mrs. Haft, for the sake of her children, consented to this proposition and took rooms above the flat in which her mother lived. Mr. Haft refused to live there. She then took rooms in a flat at No. 132 West Fifteenth street. She thought it strange, however, that Mr. Haft did not remove his wardrobe to these rooms, nor did he bring the children, alleging as an excuse that more commodious apartments were soon to be provided. Prior to this, and while Mrs. Haft was living with her mother, her husband had directed that she go to the office of Lawyer John Owens, then at No. 23 Park Row, to receive her weekly allowance of \$7 from him. The first time she called for her money Mr. Owens, she says, told her that he did not have it, but that Mr. John B. Van Zandt, who occupied a portion of his office, had it.

Soon Mr. Van Zandt made his appearance and said, with many bows, smiles and expressions of regret, that he did not just then have her money, but he would be delighted to bring it to her house that evening. She made no objection, as she was in need of the money, and in the evening Van Zandt called at her home, bringing her allowance with him. He was voluble and pleasant and made a good impression. He talked freely of Mrs. Haft's domestic troubles and told her, she says, that she was a fool for having anything to do with her husband.

"He has," he said, "a man watching you now. I will be up in a day or two to see you and will keep you posted in regard to his actions."

Two days afterward he called and on this occasion talked more freely than before about Mr. Haft, who was pictured in high colors as a man to be ignored. When Van Zandt left that evening he slipped a note in Mrs. Haft's hand which read as follows:

DEAR MADAM: If you will meet me on the corner of Twenty-third street and Ninth avenue at 2.30 p. m. next Sunday I will then appoint a place where we can meet in the evening when you return from your visit to your children, and I will tell you all about Haft and what I will do for you. If I do not see you there (corner Ninth avenue and Twenty-third street) I will meet you at Hamilton Ferry. If you will only trust in me I will be your friend and protector. Show this to nobody.

YOUR DETECTIVE.

Mrs. Haft did not comply with Van Zandt's request for a meeting on Sunday, and soon after she received another letter appointing a meeting at the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, from which place he would take her to the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Third avenue, "where I will show you a sight that will astonish you. Mr. Haft is in the habit of meeting a woman there and we will catch the old rascal in the act."

Mrs. Haft had not enough interest in the matter to meet Van Zandt as he had arranged.

On the 15th of May last Van Zandt wrote her a letter, she says, requesting that she meet him on the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, adding in a postscript:

"If old baldhead is in the house it don't matter. Come out, for I must see you."

Mr. Haft had not been home for three days, and Mrs. Haft, it is said, went out to meet Van Zandt. They went to O'Neill's restaurant at Twenty-second street and Sixth avenue, and while at supper there Van Zandt produced a bottle of liquor from his pocket, which he said was the very best rye and rye. Mrs. Haft says she was induced to take one drink of it, and immediately after doing so experienced a curious feel-

ing and "I never," she says, "felt like I did then in my life before. I did not know anything after it at all."

After leaving O'Neill's Van Zandt induced her, so she said, to go to a house near the corner of Seventh avenue and Fortieth street, where, he promised to show her something that would surprise her. Thinking that it was something concerning her husband, she went with him to the house and entered it. She was not long in discovering its character, and, upbraiding her escort for bringing her there, started at once to leave, Van Zandt following her reluctantly. She had just reached the sidewalk when she was confronted by her husband, who, with apparent great surprise, exclaimed:

"Annie, what are you doing here?"

Before she had time to reply, Van Zandt stepped to her side, and two friends of her husband, a Mr. William Price and another whom she did not know, stood by his side.

"Don't you know," said Haft, addressing Van Zandt as if he were a perfect stranger, "that this is a married woman?"

"Shut up!" replied Van Zandt, whereupon Haft turned to the unknown man and said:

"Arrest this woman!"

As the unknown started forward to do as he was bidden Van Zandt stepped in front of Mrs. Haft, and said angrily: "You lay a hand on her and I'll make you sweat for it!" and then extending his arm to Mrs. Haft, said: "Come on, Annie; don't stand here."

They went directly to the Fifteenth street flat, Van Zandt telling her on the way that if she was served with any papers to place them at once in his care, which she agreed to do. The following day Mr. Haft came home and requested the landlady, Mrs. Eliza Sandford, to furnish him with her bill, which he paid. He then told her he would no longer be responsible for any bills on any account, and gave up his night key and went away without deigning to speak a word to his wife. Deprived of her support Mrs. Haft was obliged to seek other quarters, and went to her present home with her mother. Soon after this William Price served the divorce papers on her, which she at once turned over to Van Zandt. He said he would attend to everything; that she need fear nothing, and must not worry about it. That night he wrote to her asking her to call at his office the following Tuesday. She did so and met him. He left her there for a short time, saying that he was going over to a lawyer's office, and when he came back invited her to a restaurant in Park Row, where they would meet the lawyer. The latter, whom Mrs. Haft now thinks was a bogus representative of the law, came in and was introduced to her as Mr. Sullivan.

"Do you want me to act for you?"

"Yes," she replied, "if Mr. Van Zandt says so."

The latter advised her to do so, and she left for home feeling safe that the divorce proceedings against her would be cared for by the lawyer. She noticed soon after that Van Zandt was not so attentive to her interests and never sent her any money, as promised, unless she wrote for it, and then his remittances consisted only of small sums.

His visits, actions and presents all changed toward her, and finally he left her altogether, answering her last request for money to pay her rent with the saying: "I do not see any reason why I should supply it. You were never anything to me and I want nothing more to do with you."

Mrs. Haft's reason for believing that Van Zandt was acting as a decoy for her husband is that she discovered through her mother that he was doing a little detective business for Mr. Haft. This fact was learned through a shrewd scheme worked by the old lady.

"I went down to see him," Mrs. Haft says, "to get some money to pay my room rent and he said to me, 'You have some letters of mine. If you will return them I will give you the money.' I sent him some of the letters, but not all. He sent me no money, and said to a gentleman who lives here: 'You tell that woman I want nothing more to do with her. She may do her very worst.'"

The motion to set aside the Haft divorce is upon the ground of fraud and collusion based upon the facts above stated by Mrs. Haft.

## STABBED TO DEATH.

William or "Pete" Connelly was fatally stabbed about eight o'clock the morning of July 14, by Henry Whitehouse, night captain of the Nineteenth Ward Police Station, Pittsburgh, Pa. Captain Whitehouse has not been living with his wife for some time past. An effort, however, had been made by him to effect a reconciliation with her with a view to let past differences be forgotten. The captain, as soon as he was relieved from duty at six o'clock, started out to see his estranged wife.

He proceeded to her mother's home on Centre avenue and asked for his wife. She did not come down stairs to see him. The captain then grew suspicious and forced his way into the room where he supposed his wife had been sleeping. Connelly was found in the same room. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued, in which Connelly saw that he was in such a bad predicament that either he or the captain would be the victim of the other. He sought to protect himself by pulling a revolver. Whitehouse was almost frantic at what he had seen, and, drawing a knife, rushed frantically at Connelly. He made a lunge at the latter, who received a fearful gash in the abdomen about two inches long. Connelly fell bleeding to the floor, while his assailant hastily withdrew and made his escape. The injured man was removed to the Mercy Hospital, where, it is reported, he is dying. Whitehouse disappeared immediately after the cutting and has not yet been apprehended. His victim is a young man and unmarried.

## A COWBOY DENTIST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Clay Allison, a Las Vegas cowboy, or, as his advancing years demand, cowman, sold a lot of steers at Cheyenne the other day at a good profit, and then went to a dentist to get an aching tooth attended to. The dentist, seeing a chance to make something, bored a hole in a sound tooth of Clay's and attempted to fill it, but, being a bungler, broke the tooth. Allison got mad and went to another dentist, who told him he had been the victim of a quack. The cowman went back to the first dentist, picked up a pair of his forceps, knocked him down, yanked his mouth open, jerked out a sound double tooth, grabbed for another, caught a front tooth and a piece of the upper lip, and was logging away at these when the shrieks of the quack drew a crowd, who took the enraged cattleman off, and ended the performance.

## A VILE CRIME.

The Terrible Story of Convict Lake and His Children.

The peculiar and almost incredible story brought out by the arrest and conviction in the Richmond County (N. Y.) Court of Sessions in March last, after much litigation, of George W. Lake for being the father of five children by his own daughter, was July 12 revived at a Special Term of the Supreme Court before Judge Cullen. Lawyer George A. Moses appearing for Lake, moved for leave to file a bill of exceptions for the purpose of appealing from the last judgment of the Court. The motion was opposed by the District Attorney of Richmond County, but Judge Cullen decided in favor of the convict.

Lake is now in Sing Sing Prison, where he was sentenced to serve nine and one-half years imprisonment. Three generations of wrecked minds are the result of his wicked and shameless career. His case illustrates, aside from the depths of depravity to which human nature may sink, the evil effects of intermarriage between blood relations. Lake was born at Topsville, Mass., and when but fifteen years old became infatuated with Emma Sweeney, a young woman of that village, who was possessed with a limited amount of discretion. He was a frequent visitor at her father's house, and after a few months a child was born, the paternity of which was laid to young Lake. He fled the country, taking passage as a common sailor on a Chinese merchantman.

From China he went to Japan, where he acquired the language of the natives, and finally engaged in exporting fancy goods and bric-a-brac to this country. He prospered, saved money, and finally returned home with a snug little fortune and continued business with his headquarters in New York. He found that during his absence Emma had married, and that his child was in Boston Orphan Asylum. He gained possession of the little unfortunate and sent her to a seminary to be educated. She was called Emma, after her mother. None of her schoolmates ever suspected little Emma's misfortune, and she was quite a favorite among them. Lake visited the child only occasionally and supposed that his mother had lost all interest in her. Such, however, was not the case. The latter made frequent visits in secret to the little one and manifested a great deal of affection towards her, although she never revealed her relationship.

This state of affairs continued until 1875, when Lake took Emma from her studies and brought her to New York to act as his bookkeeper. At the time she was a bright, fair-haired young woman of sixteen, unusually well developed for her age. Lake took her to live at the old Washington Hotel, where he registered her as his daughter. He never introduced her to any one and always led her to and from the dining room. She went to and from his office with him daily, and when he spent the evening out Emma was always left locked in their apartments. Boarders at the hotel finally objected to the two peculiar guests, and being asked to seek quarters elsewhere, they removed to No. 9½ State street. Lake was then between thirty and thirty-five years old, and his new landlord supposed him to be the husband of his youthful companion. The couple had been in the house but a short time when Emma gave birth to a child. Her mother had neither seen nor heard of her since her departure from the seminary, but the day the infant was born Lake sent for the woman. When she arrived at the house and found that her shame had been carried down to her daughter she went raving mad, and had to be removed from the house by force. She was taken to an insane asylum, where she died of the shock a few days later.

Before the new-born child was a month old Lake deserted his family. He was arrested on a charge of abandonment, and at the station-house denied that the woman was his wife. An investigation brought to light evidence of the registration at the Washington Hotel, where he had claimed the girl as his daughter, and he was held on a more serious charge. He was tried and acquitted, after which he removed with his youthful family to a comfortable but not very pretentious cottage in Tottenham, N. I. He kept a horse and carriage in which he drove to the ferry at Clifton every morning. He left it in a livery stable there until his return at night, when he drove home again. The young woman, who was doubly related to him, never appeared in the carriage and was seldom seen in the streets. Lake continued his unlawful relations with her and his family increased. As the second generation of children grew up, however, they were found to be idiots, and public indignation against the father became so bitter that he was forced to leave the neighborhood. He next took his afflicted family to a house on Todd hill, a few miles from Clifton. This was about four years ago and he was again indicted. Then it was discovered that the mother of his younger children had become insane. She was sent to an asylum, her children (five in number) were taken to the Poorhouse and Lake was lodged in jail. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to nine and a half years' imprisonment at hard labor in Sing Sing. He served two months of his time, when a stay on appeal was obtained in his behalf, and he was transferred back to the Richmond County Jail. The General Term of the Supreme Court reversed the decision against him in May last and ordered a new trial. The second trial took place in the Richmond County Court of Sessions on March 5 and resulted in a conviction, when the old sentence of nine years and six months was again inflicted.

The unfortunate children of the convict have been transferred from the Poorhouse in Richmond County to the State Asylum for Idiots at Syracuse.

## A NEW SCHEME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The disreputables who ply their vocation in the downtown district of Chicago, Ill., have adopted a new plan for evading arrest by the officers who have so successfully exterminated them from the business section during the past two months. The justices of the respective police courts in the different police precincts have recently refused to fine the streetwalkers when they offered as an excuse that they were returning from the restaurants or the evening performances at the theatres when placed under arrest by the officers.

This mode of blinding justice and ridiculing the officers who were doing their duty was successfully carried out by the shrewd disreputables until more active hostilities were introduced by the officers who have this class of offenders to deal with. The police secreted themselves about the most notorious haunts of the women and arrested them immediately after they accosted a man. Not appreciating this kind of

operations on the part of the officers, the women held a secret conference and adopted their present mode of evading arrest.

They now travel in pairs and each carries a bundle or basket, and when stopped by the police offer as an excuse for their being on the street that they are just returning from the market.

## A CRANK IN A CORK SUIT.

George W. White, an Oswego barber, has created a decided sensation at Niagara Falls. He arrived there July 15th with the announced intention of swimming the whirlpool rapids clad in a cork suit about three-quarters of an inch thick. He stayed nearly all day at Clifton and made arrangements to make the swim next morning between seven and ten o'clock. He was seen in the Elgin house, at Niagara Falls, Ont. White said he had successfully swum the Lachine Rapids on the St. Lawrence, and added:—"The whirlpool rapids are much worse, but with my cork suit I can get through all right."

"Have you studied the situation?"

"Yes, I went down along the bank and had the folks point out the spot where Captain Webb was killed. His mistake was in trying to dive through the mountain of foam where two outside currents break. There is a sunken rock there, against which he struck."

"How will you get through?"

"I will simply float on the surface and will save my strength to push away from any rocks."

"People say you will be sucked under the surface by the undertow?"

"I can stand that for five minutes. The current will carry me along better underneath and it would be best, for the passage occupies only four minutes."

A bystander expressed a disbelief that White could do any such thing. A pail was quickly filled with water and he immersed his head in it for four minutes, when the skeptic said that he was satisfied with the test.

"You fellows need not think I am a fooling," he said, "for I intend to go through. It will knock Graham and his barrel skyhigh, and he will not have a chance to exhibit himself much."

"What is your object?"

"I am a poor barber, and if I get through safely I will make a fortune, and if I don't it will be little loss to the world."

About 9 o'clock White heard that Detective Wynn was after him and scudded himself. Before he went he arranged with a few persons to see him go through, so that there would be no dispute about the fact. White drank a good deal yesterday, but said he would have a clear head when he went through. He stopped over night at the Western Hotel, Niagara Falls, and left at 7 o'clock next morning. He said something about going through the rapids, but the clerk thought he was joking.

Various reports were in circulation during the day about White having been seen on the river bank, but nothing authentic could be learned. The trains have been carefully watched and a good many people believe he has gone through and been killed. White told the editor of the *Niagara Falls Review* that if he did not show up by three o'clock in the afternoon he could write his obituary. He told Editor Anger that he did not care much whether he came out alive or not. An object which looked like a man's body is reported to have been seen in the whirlpool about noon, but it was sucked in by the maelstrom before its nature could be determined.

All efforts to find White have been unsuccessful. An Oswego man who was there said that he was not a crank, but a pretty level headed fellow.

## GARROTED BY A BURLY NEGRESS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Lizzie Livingstone, alias James, a negress, was charged the other day in Jefferson Market with assault and robbery by Charles T. Price, an agent of No. 220 West Houston street. On Wednesday evening Price was standing out of the rain under an awning near No. 220 South Fifth avenue, when the woman threw one arm around his neck and dragged him into an alley, where she took \$19 from his pocket. When she ran towards the rear he caught hold of her clothing and called for the police. A crowd of negroes beat him. He ran after her to a rear house, where a man handed him two five-dollar bills and told him to get out. Price went out and got Officer Fletcher, who after a long search found the woman at Broome and Thompson streets. Justice Smith held her in \$2,000 bail for trial.

## A LUCKY WOMAN.

Fortune sometimes favors the fair as well as the brave. Mrs. W. O. Hubbard of this city took a sudden notion on the 10th of May last to invest one dollar in the Louisiana State Lottery. Accordingly she purchased from an agent a one-fifth ticket No. 63,890, for the small sum of one dollar. The drawing came off the next day, the 11th ult., and the ticket of which she held one fifth drew a prize of \$25,000. She left the ticket with the agent till the following Monday, when she came around to get it, and was overjoyed to find it had drawn a prize. A friend of the agent had previously purchased the same ticket along with another, but as both tickets were even numbers, he turned this one back, and Mrs. Hubbard coming in, secured it, and ultimately the prize with it. Her husband was a bartender at the time at Charlie Eaton's saloon in the Pico House. The ticket was forwarded through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express to the managers of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, and they promptly remitted the cash. Neither Mrs. Hubbard nor her husband had got excited over their good fortune, and Mrs. Hubbard immediately went back and invested in another ticket, remarking that she was "in hopes that lightning might strike the same place the second time." Since the Pico house bar has changed hands, Mr. Hubbard has been helping out at the St. Elmo. Mr. Hubbard before coming to Los Angeles was a bartender in Portland, Oregon, where he is well known and has many friends who will rejoice to hear of his good luck. Mr. Hubbard has not yet expressed himself as to his future intentions, but with so many golden opportunities in Southern California, such a nest egg as his cannot help winning for him a very large fortune in the course of a short time.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Express*, June 10.

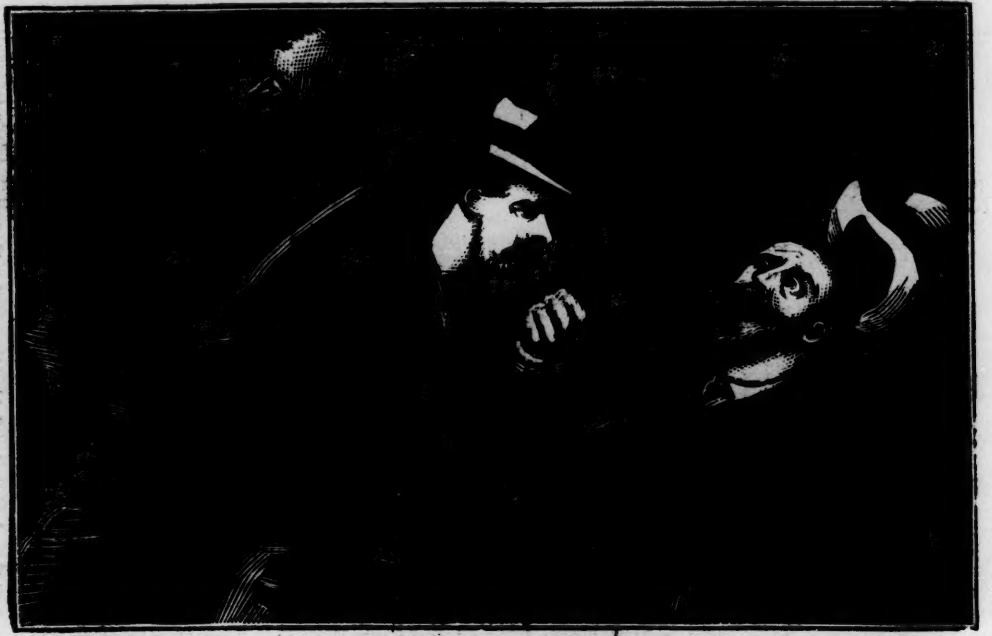
Labouchere, of London "Truth," who is one of the fairest of critics and who almost always has a good word for Americans, says: "Mr. Dixey himself does not strike me as a very comic gentleman. He neither sings well nor dances well, and tries to make up in quantity for failings in quality."





SHE HUGGED HIM TOO MUCH.

LIZZIE LIVINGSTON A NEGRESS IS JAILED FOR A CURIOUS ASSAULT ON  
CHARLES T. PRICE.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

GEORGE CARVER OF WAPPINGER'S FALLS, N. Y., PUTS A LITTLE LEAD INTO  
CORNELIUS COHASKEY OF THAT PLACE.



A NECK-TIE PARTY.

HOW SWELL WOMEN OF NEW YORK EARN THEIR POCKET MONEY AT THE EXPENSE OF THEIR WORKING SISTERS.





A MIXED CROWD.

THE KIND OF MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT WHICH GOES ON EVERY NIGHT IN A DIVE ON THE LEVEE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



RIPE FOR THE NOOSE.

LITTLE ELIZA CHARMAN OF WEST CANTON STREET, BOSTON, IS SAVED FROM A BESTIAL KIDNAPPER BY MOUNTED POLICEMEN.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

George Rooke, the pugilist, has been sentenced to jail in Orange county, New York, for four months, for assaulting his wife.

Frank White and John McAuliffe July 15, signed articles to fight to a finish, with skin gloves, in four weeks for a purse of \$300. Wm. E. Harding, of the Police Gazette, to be stakeholder.

Billy M. Hurd and Jerry Dunn are likely to come together again very soon. Mr. Hurd was knocked out in their last encounter, but he was out of condition at the time, and does not feel satisfied with his defeat.

Jack Fogarty has challenged Joe Ellingsworth for \$1,000 a side and a purse of \$1,500 which a number of gentlemen have offered to put up. If Ellingsworth does not accept, Fogarty is open to fight Charlie Mitchell, Jack Burke, Dominick McCaffrey, Peter J. Nolan, or Pete McCoy with small gloves to a finish for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. Gus Tutill has deposited \$250 with Richard K. Fox as a forfeit.

The following dispatch was received at this office on July 17, from Jack Dempsey, who is now stopping at San Francisco. "I have arrived in San Francisco and will second Tom Cleary, of Newburg, who fights Martin Costello better known as Buffalo, for \$1,000, on July 24. Denny Costello of New York, will assist me. I have the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt with me, and am ready to fight all comers for the trophy. Billy Delaney and Tom McCormick will second the Buffalo. Great interest is manifested over the fight, which is to take place in Neptune Gardens, Alameda. Kind regards, Jack Dempsey."

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Fort Custer, Montana, writes as follows: "Near the headquarters of the First U. S. Cavalry, on July 6, a fistic encounter took place between Privates John Harvey and Patrick O'Brien, members of Troop B of this regiment stationed at this post, and was fought to a finish in commendable style. Little preparation was made for the fight, owing to the excellent physical condition of the men. The contestants battled for a purse of \$200, volunteered by the interested members of the post. As the contestants stepped into the ring betting was 2 to 1 in favor of O'Brien, but speedily reversed at the superior science shown by Harvey, hitherto unknown even to his supporters. The battle lasted forty minutes, terminating with O'Brien being rendered insensible by a terrific blow from Harvey's right laying the flesh of his opponent's cheek from the mouth nearly to the ear open to the bone. The winner tips the beam at 100 pounds, has a record as a jumper few amateurs have surpassed."

Arthur Chambers' Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, on July 17 was the scene of the best and most hotly contested glove contest the most ardent lover of boxing would wish to see. Mr. Chambers offered a purse for a 4-round glove contest, Queensberry rules, and Mike Boden, the Canuck, and Fred Woods agreed to settle the ownership of it on the stage. The place was literally packed with people, Jack Fogarty, who has returned from a successful tour, seconded Woods, Jimmy Mitchell doing a like service for Boden. Walter Campbell was chosen referee, Arthur Chambers being timekeeper. On time being called, the men eyed each other warily, Boden being the first to make play, landing with his left on the face, Woods following suit. It was soon evident mischief only was meant, as the men fought like tigers all over the stage. Woods succeeding in drawing blood from Mike's nose during the first round, while Woods showed a big red patch on his neck. Boden kept knocking out "that left," and each delivered many well-intended knockout blows, but it was "tother and which" all the time, the men giving each other no rest, while the audience were nearly frantic with excitement. Each round was characterized by heavy hitting, the flushed condition of the men showing they had been kept extremely busy. At the end of the fourth round the referee decided that the first three rounds were even, with the fourth a little in favor of Woods. The contest was declared a rattle from beginning to end, many declaring they would like to have seen another round. Previous to the above, Mike Lucie and Bob Caffrey, Nitchie Golden and Mike Tror, Walter Campbell and Herbert Lomas, besides lesser lights, indulged the audience with 3-round set-tos. Club-swinging, wrestling, vocal and instrumental music were also features of the programme.

Gus Tutill posts \$250 forfeit and offers to match Jack Fogarty to fight Joe Ellingsworth, Charley Mitchell, McCaffrey, Burke, etc., for \$2,500 a side. Here is a chance for the many boxers who pretend they are eager to enter the arena and mill for "blood," but fail to toe "the mark" and face "the music." Gus Tutill, the former backer of Jack Dempsey, has displayed since he fought the bold Jack Dempsey for \$5,000, that he is now willing to back him against Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, Dominick McCaffrey, Peter J. Nolan, of Cincinnati, etc. On July 13, Tutill called at the Police Gazette office, posted \$250 forfeit and left the following challenge:

Since my trip in the western part of the State with Jack Fogarty, I have seen that Joe Ellingsworth and his backers have still an idea that he can defeat Fogarty. I differ with them and to prove what I say with cash, which is always the best proof in match-making, I will match Fogarty to fight Ellingsworth according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, with small gloves, for \$1,000 a side and upwards and a purse of \$1,500, which a number of Ellingsworth and Fogarty's admirers have agreed to put up. Now if Ellingsworth and his backers are "desperately in earnest" and mean business, they will at once fall in line and arrange the match. I have deposited \$250 with Richard K. Fox for Ellingsworth and his backers to cover, and will meet them at the Police Gazette office any day they name to arrange the match. Should Ellingsworth fail to ratify the proposed match I will match Fogarty to fight Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, Dominick McCaffrey, Peter J. Nolan or Pete McCoy, to fight with small gloves Queensberry rules, for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side. My money now held by Richard K. Fox shows that I mean business. Trusting that these champions, as they style themselves, will cover my money and prove to the public that they mean fighting and not boasting, I remain, yours respectfully, Gus Tutill.

The forfeit of \$250 has been posted, and none of the above pugilists can very well refuse to arrange a match. If they do, the public and their followers will believe they are not mean business, and that their periodical challenges are only vain boasts. Fogarty is ready to meet any man in America that Gus Tutill wants him to meet, and those who know Tutill, and his connection with the Dempsey and Fogarty and Dempsey and La Blanche matches, is well aware that when he says he will wager \$1,000 or \$5,000 that he will do so. If Ellingsworth and his backers will put up, there will be a great mill, and if he fails the balance of the pugilistic division will have a first-rate opportunity to arrange a genuine and bonafide match for a large stake, whereby they will have an opportunity to win fame and glory.

There is every prospect of an international fistic encounter being arranged between Frank Herald, of Newtown, Pa., and Jim Smith, the English champion. If John L. Sullivan refuses to arrange a match with Jim Smith for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and \$2,500 a side as the English champion proposes, July 17, Edward F. Mallahan, Herald's backer, called at the Police Gazette office, deposited \$250 forfeit and issued the following challenge, which was forwarded to the *Sporting Life*, London:

New York, July 17, 1886.

To the Editor of the London *Sporting Life*: Having watched with great interest the negotiations that have been pending for an international prize fight between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., the champion of America, and Jim Smith, of London, Eng., who lays claim to the title of champion of Great Britain, and, finding that there is a hitch in arranging a match, allow me to state, through your valuable sporting journal, that Richard K. Fox has personally informed me that the "Police Gazette" diamond champion belt represents the heavy-weight championship of the world, and any man living has a perfect right to issue a challenge to contend for the same. I have read the propositions Jim Smith has made to John L. Sullivan, and have come to the conclusion that unless Smith agrees to Sullivan's terms no match will be arranged. Now, I am eager to see the trophy con-

tended for and to assist in bringing about a match either with Frank Herald, of Newtown, Pa., and John L. Sullivan, or Frank Herald and Jim Smith, I make the following proposition: I will, on behalf of Frank Herald, claim the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, put up the necessary deposit with Richard K. Fox, the donor, and match Herald to fight John L. Sullivan or Jim Smith, the English champion for \$2,500 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world. The match to be decided six months from signing articles, within 100 miles of New Orleans or Mobile, Alabama, or any suitable place where the battle can be brought off. I have deposited \$250 forfeit with the donor of the belt, to prove I am in earnest, and will be ready to meet Mr. Smith's representative or Mr. Sullivan's, to ratify a match, any time within one month or six weeks from the publication of this challenge, at the Police Gazette office, New York, to arrange a match. If Smith will agree to come to this country to contend for the championship, I will guarantee him fair play, and will not accept the stakes unless they are lost or won in a fair, sportsmanlike manner. It matters not who is first in the field, Sullivan or Smith, for Herald is ready to battle for the championship of the world, and it makes no difference who is his opponent, "so first come first served." Richard K. Fox will suit for final stakeholder, and as far as Herald and myself are concerned he can appoint a referee. Hoping a speedy and businesslike acceptance to this challenge, I remain yours respectfully, EDWARD F. MALLAHAN.

The publication of the above right on top of Jim Smith's bold deft will create quite a flutter among the patrons of the manly art of self-defense and the followers of the prize ring. Herald, for the past three months, has been eager to face all comers. Mitchell left for England after he witnessed him defeat Mike C. Conley, the Lithuanian giant, although Herald agreed to fight him "right off the chain" for \$2,000. Jack Burke refuses to meet him, while none of the heavy-weights appear at all anxious to strip and enter the arena against him. Every one will allow that the new star in the pugilistic firmament must be recognized as a promising candidate for the championship, and he has just as much right to claim the champion belt as any other man, when his backer puts up a forfeit and issues a bona fide challenge agreeing to match him against Sullivan, the present champion of America, or Jim Smith, the present champion of Great Britain. If Sullivan agrees to ratify a match he will have no trouble in doing so, providing he does not exceed the amount Herald's backer desires to wager, and if Sullivan does not agree to ratify a match, Smith, who is very eager to face any one in the orthodox 24-foot ring, may condescend to do so. If both fail Herald will wear the belt, for the donor has decided it shall not be given up until it has been won according to prize ring rules in a legitimate contest, and judging from the present state of affairs, it now looks as if a match will be speedily arranged between either Herald and Smith, or the latter and the champion.

The following letter was received at the "Police Gazette" office from Jim Smith, the champion pugilist of England, and will be read with interest by the patrons of the prize ring:

CENTRAL CLUB, LONDON, ENGLAND, July 6, 1886.

To the *Sporting Editor*: DEAR SIR—I have waited patiently for John L. Sullivan, the American champion, to accept the challenge my backers issued for to arrange a match to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$250 or \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world, and although my backers agreed to allow the American champion reasonable expenses to meet me in the twenty-four foot ring on French or Irish soil, I have received no acceptance of the same. Sporting men will allow that I have just as much right to claim the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world as the American champion, Mr. Sullivan, has, for he only, according to my remembrance, fought one battle according to London prize ring rules. That was with Paddy Ryan, who defeated Joe Goss, who was never champion of the world. Now, if the "Police Gazette" diamond belt represents the championship of the world, I desire to contend for it in a fair and manly way on a fair field and no favor. I will stand by my backers' proposition to make a match with Mr. Sullivan to take place in England, France or Ireland, for \$1,000 a side and upward and the diamond belt, and allow Sullivan \$100 for expenses, the editor of the London *Sporting Life* to be final stakeholder and referee, or select responsible persons to hold the stakes and fill the position of referee. The battle to be decided two months from signing articles. If Mr. Sullivan and his backers refuse to accept these fair propositions I will accept the same terms and agree that the battle shall be decided in America. If Sullivan and his new backer, Wm. Bennett, mean business they will at once notify me through the New York *Police Gazette*. If my propositions are not accepted I shall come to America in October and claim the diamond belt which Richard K. Fox, the donor, cannot refuse to hand over to my keepers, for I shall certainly be ready to meet all comers according to the rules governing the same. JAMES SMITH, Champion of England.

Smith's challenge is a business-like communication, and it deserves special attention from Sullivan and his backer. Smith has a large following in England, who have great confidence in his abilities to conquer any man breathing. It is an old saying that money talks and Smith has that commodity ready to put up. His offer to come to this country to meet the champion of America on his own soil, conclusively proves that he means business. The only clause that Sullivan may object to is that the *Sporting Life*, London, select the final stakeholder and referee. Smith probably has an idea that he would not receive fair play, but he can banish all such imaginative thoughts from his mind. If he could step into the ring and defeat Sullivan on his merits, he would receive fair play, and there would be any number of admirers present who would risk their money on the result and protect it, no matter whether Sullivan was conquering Smith or the latter defeating Sullivan. A copy of Smith's fair proposition was sent to the champion yesterday, and he is yet to be heard from on the subject. In face of the fairness of the English champion's offer, the American cannot do anything otherwise than accept one or the other of the propositions. The American public have become tired of reading about so much match-making, and now that the English champion has proved beyond dispute that he is ready to ratify a match, Sullivan will have to say he will or he will not meet him for the championship. Smith will insist on the match being arranged according to London prize ring rules. If the match is arranged it is destined to attract as much attention and create as much interest in the two countries as the famous Heenan-Sayers contest of years ago. The last international prize ring contest occurred 23 years ago at Wadsworth, Eng., when Heenan, the American champion, and Tom King, of England, fought for the championship. "Jem" Smith has created a great furor among the sporting men of Great Britain by his remarkable exhibition of powers in the ring, and Mr. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, the great English authority in all sporting matters, puts him down as the greatest fighter England has had for years. The papers have all spoken handsomely of Smith, who neither uses liquor or tobacco. A well-known Boston sporting gentleman, who has seen all the fighters of this country, recently returned from England, where he saw Smith fight in Tom Symonds' heavy-weight competition, speaks very enthusiastically of Smith, and says that in his opinion Smith is the only man in the world who could stand a show with Sullivan. Smith is the pet of the nobility of England, and is backed by them through Arthur Powers. He has a fine record, never having been defeated. He was born at Red Lion Market, White Cross, St. Luke's, London, of Irish parents. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches, and in condition weighs 170 pounds. He first took to the ring in 1881, when he won an open boxing competition limited to 160-pound pugilists in London. During the ensuing year he was successful in several boxing tournaments held in London. In 1882 he defeated Bob Friesian in a bare knuckle fight, occupying 30 minutes, near London, for \$300. The same year at London he won an all-England competition open to 154-pound men. In 1883 he won an open competition, at Shoreditch, for a cup. He subsequently met Bill Davis in a bare knuckle fight near London for \$50, winning after fighting 1 hour. In the spring of 1884 he defeated Charles Jackson with bare knuckles in a 9-round fight, lasting 15 minutes, at Birmingham, for \$50 a side. In August, 1884, he met Harry Arnold in a hard glove fight near London for \$50, and won in 14 rounds, occupying 55 minutes. On Dec. 17, 1884, he met Wolf Bendoff in a hard glove fight in London for \$500. Up to the sixth round Smith had the fight all his own way, when he injured his left arm. He continued to fight with one hand, and finally won in the twelfth round in 48 minutes. In December, 1885, he won Tom Symonds' heavy-weight competition, defeating three men and winning the final, which gave him a great record. A few weeks later he met Jack Davis, alias "Gypsy," Jim Mac's protégé, and in a few minutes struck him such a blow that he did not come to his senses for two hours. On Feb. 16, in France, he fought a draw with Alf Greenfield in 1 hour 8 minutes. Smith is a wonderfully clever two-handed fighter, and is a very hard hitter.

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

The New York Cricket Club defeated the Brooklyn Club in Central Park on July 17 by a score of 54 to 25.

John S. Prince, the bicyclist, won a five mile race with a horse recently at North Adams, Mass. Time 15 minutes 47 seconds.

Joe Ellingsworth is again ready to box or fight Jack Fogarty, and his backers are willing to put up money to any reasonable amount.

J. Turner of London, Can., offers to jump against any man in America one single broad jump or three single standing jumps for \$500 a side.

Jim Mac is touring through England at a salary of \$400 per week, out of which he has to pay his companion, Jack Knifton, "the 81-tonner."

Joe Marmon, of Philadelphia, is out with a challenge offering to swim any man in the country ten or fifteen miles for any amount up to \$1,000 a side.

Jack Welsh, of Philadelphia, is out with a challenge to fight any man in the country with skin gloves to a finish for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

The competition for the swimming championship of the New York Athletic Club will take place on the Harlem River on Saturday, Aug. 7, at 4 P. M.

At Baltimore, recently, Mr. E. L. Mills beat Mr. Henry Engle, Maryland's champion wing shot, in a 25 bird match, at 26 yards rise for \$100, by killing 21 to 20.

Tommy Warren meets Jimmie Collins, of Pittsburg, at Minneapolis, in a 6-round contest or more if necessary to make a decision, July 26, for \$500 and entire receipts.

The International Tile Company Cricket Club easily defeated the Essex Club of Belleville, N. J., in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 17, by a score of 49 to 20.

The benefit to Frank Herald, which was to have taken place at the rink, in Greenville, N. J., on July 17, was indefinitely postponed on account of the small attendance.

James Kennedy of Quincy, Ill., and O'Toole of Worcester, Mass., have signed articles for a three-mile race with a turn, to be rowed at Lake Quinsigamond on Saturday next for \$100 a side.

On July 17 the Marion Cricket Club was defeated at Livingston, S. I., by the Staten Island Club. The totals were: Staten Island—first inning, 57; second inning, 91. Marion—first inning, 22.

A contest with hard gloves, lasting nine rounds, was fought in Philadelphia on July 16 between Tom Connor and Joe Orange. The former punished his adversary very badly, and finally knocked him out.

John Dobson and James Hurley fought eight stubborn rounds with hard gloves in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on July 16, when an alarm was given that the guards were coming. The referee then declared the fight a draw.

George Le Blanche, the Marine, who recently fought Jack Dempsey, has got his hands full just now. He is in strict training and hard at work for his matches with Sam Bittie, of Canada, and Prof. J. Haley, of Bradford, Pa.

Al Smith, who is a well-known authority on prize ring matters, says: "If Smith and Sullivan were matched I would back Sullivan. He is the greatest man in the world. Frank Herald must be coming, according to all accounts."

The third match between A. H. Penrose, the Texan shot, and Andy Meaders, of Nashville, was shot at Nashville, Tenn., recently. It was for \$250 a side and at 100 clay pigeons at 21 yards rise. Penrose won, breaking 95 birds to Meaders' 33.

A weak attempt at a glove fight took place at Salt Lake City on the 3d inst. between Dillon of San Francisco, and Frank Smith of Salt Lake. Smith had to be coerced to put up his hands. Dillon was awarded the fight after four light rounds.

Frank Gans, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes that he will match his dog, Jumbo, against any dog of his weight for \$200 or \$500 a side. If Gans will forward a forfeit to this office and state the weight and terms, he may be accommodated with a match.

The challenge matches for the champion team and individual badge of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association were shot at Walnut Hill, Boston, recently. W. S. Perry, of Worcester, won the individual badge, and the Brockton Gun Club won the team badge.

The green and white colors of the Corrigan stable have not been seen in the front as often this year as in the past, and has caused a great deal of comment among turfmen and the followers of turf events, and from our observation, the general impression seems to prevail that Mr. Corrigan displayed poor judgment when he allowed Trainer Rogers and the Murphy to retire from his stable.

John L. Sullivan says: "I will meet Smith as soon as he arrives in this country, either with or without gloves, and will put up all the money he wants. No one will ever win the 'Police Gazette' belt. I hold it against all comers, and say one who wants to wear it will have to down me. Smith's backers can arrange a match any time they desire to cross the Atlantic, for I am ready at four weeks' notice to meet him."

The great annual cricket match between the United States and Canada will be played this year on August 13 and 14 on the grounds of the St. George's Cricket Club at Hoboken. This will be the first time that this old international match has been played in this vicinity for many years. At first it was suggested to play the match on the Staten Island club's new ground, but it has been found that it was as yet too rough for so fine a contest.

A one, three and five-mile swim for the world's championship and \$500 a side between John Robinson, of London, Eng., and Dennis Butler, of Philadelphia, was arranged at the Police Gazette office. The race will take place during August, the date and place to be yet agreed upon. Two hundred and fifty dollars a side was deposited with The balance of \$250 a side to be deposited July 30, when the date and place of race will be named. Billy Oliver, of Harlem, backs Butler, and Jim Pilkington, Robinson.

About 5,000 persons saw the rowing at Bay Ridge, near Baltimore, Md., on July 16. The weather was fine and the water in excellent condition, but the races were tame. In the first contest Ross, Teemer and Lee started for a 3-mile pull. Teemer got away first, but Ross passed him in the first half mile, and held the lead to the finish. Ross was five lengths ahead on the last turn, but on the homestretch Teemer spurred and lapped his boat at the flag, with Lee a close third. The alleged time was 18 minutes 10 seconds. Ritz and Hamm took part in the contest for the Consolation purse over the same course. Ritz won by about a length in 19 minutes 43 seconds.

C. W. Ryder, of Minneapolis, writes that Prof. John Donaldson, who once met John L., has returned from his trip to Deadwood, Dak., where he defeated Marx, the cow-boy pugilist, in seven rounds, hard gloves, and he will make a match with Frank Herald for receipts or \$500 a side, so he states. All Donaldson has to do is to engage a hall in Minneapolis; state the date; Herald will go and box him on any fair terms. But to guarantee that he means business he will have to forward a deposit of \$250 to this office, so that if Herald and his backer travel to Minneapolis Donaldson will not back out. Should he do so, Donaldson will forfeit the \$250, but if he meets Herald the money will be forwarded to him.

The Staten Island Athletic Club held their annual games at West Brighton, S. I., on July 17. Following are the

events: The 150 yards club handicap, ten starters, was run in two trial heats and a final, and was won in the final heat by H. Mason Raborg by 2 yards from scratch. Time, 15 3-5 seconds. S. S. Schuyler, 7½ yards start, came in second. The half mile handicap, nine starters, was won by P. D. Skillman, nine yards start. Time, 2 minutes 11 1-2 seconds. Second, scratch man, Walter Smith. The 220 yards run, handicap, ten starters, was run in three trial heats and a final. William O. Tate, who had twelve yards start, won the final heat in 23 seconds; S. E. Corbett, second. It was a well contested event. The two mile bicycle race was won easily by A. B. Rich from the scratch in 6 minutes 13 2-5 seconds; E. J. Halstead, 225 yards start, was second. His time was 6 minutes 14 3-5 seconds. In the 440 yards run, handicap, there were eight starters. A. Perrely had fifteen yards start and came in first. Time, 55 1-6 seconds. G. S. Chapin second. The obstacle race, which was very laughable and drew loud applause, was won by Paul Ayre, Jr., in 1 minute 3 2-5 seconds.

The Liverpool cup was run on July 14 at Liverpool, Eng. Leopold de Rothschild's six-year-old bay horse Middlethorpe and Mr. A. Benholm's five-year-old bay mare Perdita II. ran a dead heat for the Liverpool cup. The Sailor Prince was third, a length away. There were fourteen starters. A summary of the race is as follows:

The Liverpool cup of 1,500 sovereigns, specie; the second to receive 150 sovereigns and the third 50 sovereigns from the plate; by subscription of 25 guineas each, 15 guineas forfeit and 3 guineas only if declared on Tuesday, June 29: a handicap for three-year-olds and upward; winning penalties; of the stables, nearly a mile and a half; 50 subscribers, 25 of whom paid 5 sovereigns each.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's six-year-old bay horse Middlethorpe, by Berserker—Juanita, 15.10. Mr. A. Benholm's five-year-old bay mare Perdita II., by Hampton—Hermione, 15.10. Mr. W. Gilbert's six-year-old bay horse The Sailor Prince, by Albert Victor—Hermione, 15.10. 3 Dead heat.

The Betting—14 to 1 against Middlethorpe, 12 to 1 Perdita II.; and 10 to 1 The Sailor Prince. The Duke of Beaufort's five-year-old roan or gray horse Eastern Emperor was the favorite, at odds of 2 to 1 against.

Miss Annie Oakley, with her backer, called at the Police Gazette office July 16, posted \$100 forfeit and issued the following challenge to shoot a match or a series of matches, against Wm. Graham, the champion pigeon shooter of England:

To the *Sporting Editor*: DEAR SIR—Some time ago Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England, issued a challenge in your valuable paper to shoot any man in America. As I believe no one has yet accepted his challenge, rather than see him go back to England without getting a match, I will make him the following proposition. After I get through with my engagement with the Wild West, say about Oct. 15, if Mr. Graham will agree, that we each use only 1 oz. of shot, I will shoot him three matches for \$100 each match, one at 50 live pigeons, English rules, one at 100 clay pigeons, half double, one at 100 glass or composition balls, 21 yards, rotary traps single or double; these matches to be shot at a time and place hereafter agreed on; Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder of course; but win or lose these are the only matches I will enter into, as all my time is taken up with my exhibition shooting. Hoping to hear from Mr. Graham, I am respectfully,

In the live pigeon match, of course, Mr. Graham must concede me 4 yards, that being according to English rules, as I use a 16-gauge gun. The respective distances will be thus—26 and 30 yards. ANNIE OAKLEY.

Billy Frazier, of Somerville, Mass., the light-weight champion boxer of New England, recently challenged John McAuliffe to box according to "Police Gazette" rules for the light-weight championship. McAuliffe accepted the challenge, and according to agreement, Frazier's representative and McAuliffe met at this office on April 10, 1886, to arrange a match. Frazier's representative wanted the contest decided at Boston, but McAuliffe objected. After considerable discussion articles of agreement were signed for the rival champions to box according to revised "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take 65 per cent. of the gate receipts and the loser 35 per cent. The contest was to take place at Germania Hall, Bowers, on Tuesday evening, April 27, 1886. Prior to the contest McAuliffe was suffering from a strain, had to stop training and the match was declared off. Billy Frazier is eager to arrange another match with McAuliffe, and he has written a letter to Richard K. Fox asking the latter to arrange a match with the Brooklyn light-weight upon the same conditions as the recent one. McAuliffe has agreed to meet Frazier, and the match will be arranged at the Police Gazette office in a few days. Frazier is one of the most scientific boxers in the New England States, and a large delegation of Eastern sporting men will come on to witness the contest. McAuliffe has never been defeated, and has been for some time eager to meet Frazier to decide the question of who is the light-weight champion. Judging from the prior performances of the light-weight champion and the New England champion the proposed contest, which will be conducted strictly on scientific principles, will be one of the greatest scientific encounters of the season.

The great wrestling contest between Jack Carkeek and Matsuda (the Jap), at the fairground at Dodgeville, Wis., July 14th, was witnessed by about 700 people. The match was Greco Roman and catch-as-catch-can, best three in five to win. At 10 minutes to 4 P. M., Carkeek stepped in the ring and was received with cheer after cheer which he acknowledged by a graceful bow. He was attired in white tights and black trunks, and looked as he certainly is a modern Hercules, and a perfect gentleman. He was closely followed by the Jap, who was attired in red tights, blue trunks and wrestling shoes, referee and timekeepers were soon chosen, the Jap won the toss and chose Greco Roman. At the call of time Carkeek stepped to the center looking content and with a smile on his face. After a short time spent in cautious play Carkeek secured a good body hold and away went the Jap clear over Carkeek's head landing square on his back, time 4 minutes. After a short rest the men came up for a catch-as-catch-can bout, for some time the Jap baffled Carkeek but finally was thrown by a half Nelson and arm lock, time 7 minutes. Another rest and they came up for what proved the final bout. After a desperate struggle and some very fine work by both men, Carkeek secured his favorite arm hold, and slowly, gently, but firmly, forced the Jap's shoulders down, winning the third fall and match in 50 minutes. Carkeek's backer stepped to the ring and announced that he would back Jack against any man in America. Evan Lewis preferred for any part of \$1,500 a side. The Jap walked over to Carkeek and shook hands calling him the best man he ever tackled.

We have received the following letter through Harry Maynard, in reference to the recent fight between Smith and Matthews:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 7, 1886.

To the *Sporting Editor*: DEAR SIR—Your report of the Smith and Matthews affair must have been derived from an interested party, and is entirely at variance with the facts. Permit me to state, as referee, the true state of the case. At the end of the last round fought Smith had knocked Matthews down on his chair and was pummeling him as his will when the crowd broke into the ring. The police followed with the intention of clearing out the crowd and allowing the fight to go on. I mistook their intention, and thinking the fight was stopped, declared it a draw. The decision was given under an entire misapprehension, and I consider myself justified in recalling it and demanding that the fight should go on to the close of the 22 rounds, which the men were advertised to fight. Matthews refused to continue the battle, and I of course then awarded the fight to Smith. I may add that Smith had decidedly the best of the fight almost from the start, and at the close Matthews was fairly rattled, and, in my opinion, could not have continued the fight for another round. This fact was recognized by his brother, Sam Matthews, the wrestler, who kept urging the police to stop the fight before there was any rush into the ring at all. In my opinion the decision of the sporting editor of the *Chronicle* was the correct one in the circumstances. Yours truly, ED. FARRELL, Referee.

P. S.—Furthermore, the chief of police and sheriff of Alameda county told me that Matthews' brother tried to get them to stop the fight when his brother was getting the worst of it. The chief and sheriff faced Matthews in front of me and he could not deny it; so you see, under the circumstances, I had a perfect right to change my decision. Yours, ED. FARRELL, Referee.

We, the undersigned, confirm the above statement of the facts of the fight between Ed. Smith and Dick Matthews at Alameda, as we witnessed the whole affair.

JAMES COOK, City Marshal, Alameda.

PER HARRY MAYNARD.



## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I understand that Wendell Baker can run 100 yards under 10 seconds, 150 yards under 15 seconds, 200 yards in 19 3-5 seconds, and 440 yards in 48 1/2 seconds.

If he can accomplish such performances he can beat any runner in the world.

I see Duncan C. Ross has challenged Tom Cannon to wrestle a mixed match for \$500 a side.

Ross should stick to his broadsword contests and he will find it pays better than wrestling.

The prize ring stars are at the present time doing more blowing than boxing.

Nearly every week one reads a rehash of rot about how McCaffrey will meet one and fight that one, and yet he fails to arrange a match.

I have come to the opinion that McCaffrey is not eager to arrange a match with any one.

Herald recently offered to meet him in an eight-round contest, but he refused to face the Nicetown Crusher, unless there was an agreement to—

I do not believe that McCaffrey is responsible for one-half the weekly rot that appears in the daily papers about him.

A scribe, who dreams of McCaffrey and has visions of the Pittsburgh boxer, is accustomed to have free drinks in McCaffrey's sporting resort in Philadelphia, weekly lays out a programme for McCaffrey and fills the Sun with this rot.

McCaffrey never knows anything about the matter until he reads it.

Charley Mitchell has gone to England.

He will return with about \$18,000.

No wonder the English boxers claim that the United States is a great country.

I recently paid a visit to the Wild West Show to witness the wonderful shooting exploits of Miss Annie Oakley, who, in conjunction with Frank Butler, recently done America as the "Police Gazette" champion rifle team.

I always was a great admirer of anything that could be rated as first-class, no matter whether it was in the shape of a race horse, athlete, boxer or wrestler, and I must state that as a dead shot Miss Annie Oakley is a wonder among wonders.

Her accurate, quick and skillful shooting places her ahead of all competitors, and she has no equal.

By the way, while staggering over guy ropes and among the tents, on which were artistic designs drawn by the Pawnee and Sioux Indians who were with the Wild West Show, I came upon Frank Whitaker, better known as Pop Whitaker, the veteran ring master and "Police Gazette" master of ceremonies.

It was a surprise on both sides, for I supposed the grand old man had been laid up for repairs.

He looked well and hearty, and was receiving a host of callers.

I ran across Riddick, of Boston, recently, the well-known boat builder.

He said he was going to England to see the great international sweepstakes rowed.

I think that John Teemer has an off year. It has been demonstrated that about once in every three years a carman gets a little "stale" and requires rest, and I think this must be Teemer's bad year, as he is young and has never done enough rowing to hurt him physically.

I think Hanlan is rowing as well as ever he did, but he needs that extraordinary care of himself, as young blood is on the ascendancy, and Hanlan cannot afford to give anything away.

I have a high opinion of Gaudaur, always did have since I returned from a trip to Canada.

I learned that he had been rowing in great form, could beat 20 minutes, rowing 3 miles with a turn, and at once saw that Teemer had better look out for a danger light.

I do not say that Gaudaur can defeat Hanlan, but I am inclined to think that he would come very near doing so, for he is a much stronger man, and is almost as finished a sculler as Hanlan, barring a few wrinkles in rowing, no one but Hanlan possesses.

Gaudaur's physique for rowing is almost perfect, and he has had the best of care and training for the year's work. The reason that he has not made a name for himself before is that he was never properly trained until Hamm was sent for by John A. St. John, of St. Louis.

Judging by Gaudaur's performances, I think he is the fastest man in the world this year. He has always been a fast man, and is a finished sculler; in fact, I place him next to Hanlan in that respect.

I do not think that Beach can defeat either of these men, notwithstanding his victories over Hanlan.

Wallace Ross is the same as ever—he gets there when there is anything in it. He expects to make a great showing in England, as he declares he is always able to row much faster than here. He will row the boat now making, and adapted especially to his peculiar style.

Mitchell says he can draw his check for \$20,000. If this be true, he is doing fighting, for he can start a gin palace with half that amount in the old country, and once he goes to England there he will stay. Burke is going home well fixed also. It is Smith's turn now to come here and make a fortune.

I understand Mallahan is ready to match Herald against Nolan for 10 or 15 rounds, time, place and terms to be arranged at once, and as Nolan, in the Cincinnati Enquirer of the 10th instant, said, "I am willing to meet any man in the country with gloves."

I understand Joe Ellingsworth is eager to again box Jack Fogarty, and Frank Stevenson is ready to arrange a match if Fogarty is willing.

I think Dan Custy of Long Island City will meet Jester, with or without gloves, any time within forty-eight hours' notice, if the latter will put up a deposit at this office.

I learn that Jim Smith is eager to come to America to meet Sullivan, but his backers have books on the St. Leger and Cambridgehire, and will not come over until those races have been decided.

After college boat races the defeated inquire into the cause, and it is, for want of a better scapegoat, laid to the style of the stroke.

Recently the crew of the Harvard University were beaten by the Yale crew. The latter pulled a long, swinging stroke, and the former a short, clipping stroke.

The Harvards were the heavier crew by a few pounds, but lost the race by their style of rowing.

On Lake George, a few days later, the Bowdoin College crew beat the Pennsylvania crew in a similar race, but the winning crew rowed a short, clipping stroke of 45 to the minute, while the losers pulled a long stroke of 39 to the minute.

It appears to a dispassionate observer as if the quality of the row in the boat had more to do with success than the nature of the stroke.

I have to smile when I learn that men totally unfit to prepare themselves for an athletic contest or competition take the responsibility of training others to perform on the turf or in the ring.

One half of these new trainers do not know the first elements of training, and yet many have the audacity to style themselves professors.

Training is a process which requires more care and attention than any other ordeal through which an athlete has to pass, though its injurious effects have been overrated by the timid.

There is an old maxim, that "everything is good in moderation," and this is as applicable to training as to other things. The object of training is to enable a man to go through violent exercise with the least possible inconvenience.

The great thing in training is to find out as soon as possible what mode of living the subject has been accustomed to, and, as it must to a great extent be the most suitable to his peculiar case, to adopt it without hesitation.

Pickles, spices, pepper, mustard and all seasoning sauces, and therefore all made dishes and entrees which usually contain such condiments, must be carefully avoided from their tendency to produce an unnatural appetite and create thirst.

Liquids, like food, should never be swallowed directly after exercise, as cases of ulcerated sore throat are sometimes brought on by drinking when the throat is heated by exertion.

The lean part of a mutton chop and dry toast, with weak brandy and water, is the best meal, to be taken about two hours before starting in a race.

If intense thirst is felt, the mouth should be rinsed out with water, but nothing swallowed. Relief is often obtained by bathing the wrists and feet in cold water.

Six to seven hours sleep is all that is necessary for an athlete while training.

The bedroom windows should always be kept open at top and bottom, slightly in winter and wider in summer. Foul air, generated by the human breath, is never more hurtful than in a bedroom.

Too much clothing should never be placed over the chest whilst sleeping, as by doing so respiration is more labored, and the legs and extremities, not the trunk, require more extra covering for the purposes of warmth. A mattress should be used to sleep on, never a feather bed.

High pillows and bolsters are very injurious. The natural height to which the head should be raised in sleep is about the thickness of the upper portion of the arm, which constitutes the pillow as designed by nature.

Walking and running, and other exercises that form the branches of athletics, are efficacious in driving disease from the human frame, and this fact has time and again been proved.

The plan formerly adopted in colleges and public schools was to keep the brain continually at work by a severe course of study, and to allow the body to remain perfectly inactive.

Under the system now coming into use, the exercise of both mind and body is equally looked after, and thus the healthful influence of the one is brought to bear on the other.

By judicious pedal and muscular exercise the motions gone through reach every part of the frame, and they completely dispel languor and inactivity.

The tension of the muscles is trebled, and the blood flowing sluggishly in remote and undisturbed portions of the body, is urged and quickened in the circulation by the relaxing and contracting of the muscles.

The brain is stimulated into new activity by the lively, bounding current within, and thus is more apt to absorb whatever is presented to it, while at the same time the memory is considerably improved and strengthened.

It is my opinion that the Western scribes who are claiming that Tommy Warren is the most wonderful feather weight that ever flourished, are not posted on pugilistic statistics or else they are ignorant that such a pugilist as Peter Morris ever existed.

According to my judgment, while I will allow Warren may be a wonder, I cannot for a moment accept that he is the greatest who ever lived.

Warren has figured in a few glove contests, and he defeated Tommy Barnes, a pugilist old enough to be his father, after battling nearly 4 hours.

Pete Morris was by miles his superior.

He was brought out by the late Bob Brettie and made his debut in the ring Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, 1885, when he defeated Young Dymock for \$150, 35 rounds.

His subsequent ring engagements were as follows: Beat J. G. Rafferty for \$100, 16 rounds, 20 minutes, July 4, 1885; beat J. Hartley for \$250, 94 rounds, 1 hour 17 minutes, April 5, 1886; beat J. Hartley again for \$250, 33 rounds, 1 hour 30 minutes, May 7, 1886; beat George Holden for \$500, 64 rounds, two rings, 2 hours 9 minutes, Aug. 28, 1886.

Beat Morris Roberts for \$1,000, 41 rounds, 2 hours 16 minutes, Sept. 15, 1885; beat J. Fox for \$250, 35 rounds, 1 hour 4 minutes, April 17, 1886; fought a draw with George Holden for \$1,000, two rings, 41 rounds, 1 hour 52 minutes, Nov. 28, 1886; fought a draw with Harry Taylor for \$250, Morris being arrested, 1883; beat Frank Wilson for a purse, 8 rounds, 29 minutes 41 seconds, Feb. 10, 1870.

He visited this country in 1867, arriving July 21 and leaving Nov. 23.

During his sojourn here he offered to fight any man in the world.

Morris, died at Birmingham, Eng., Oct. 15, 1873. He broke a blood vessel coughing. He was born at Birmingham, Eng., Aug. 7, 1840, and was therefore in his thirty-fourth year when he died.

Comparing Warren's record with the many battles Morris fought, I think every one will allow Morris was far ahead of Warren.

One half of the would-be prize ring historians do not know what they are writing about.

## LATEST SPORTING.

At Worcester, Mass., recently, Hanlan allowed Kennedy 1 minute 35 seconds start in a mile (7) and beat him by 15 seconds.

Isaac Weir, the Belfast Spider, is now in Boston trying to arrange a match with Ed. McDonald's unknown of Brooklyn.

W. A. Gregg, champion go-as-you-please pedestrian of Iowa, and Geo. E. Huffman, champion heel-and-toe pedestrian of Nebraska, walked 5 miles at Bellwood, Nebraska, recently. Huffman won.

Joe Laing, the carsman, has put up a forfeit of \$100 in Montreal for a sweepstakes match against James A. Ten Eyck, C. J. Enright, John McKay and James Griffin in a three-mile single scull race for \$500 a side.

The 3-mile scull race for \$1,000 a side between James Griffin, of Buffalo, and C. T. Enright, of Toronto, took place on Silver Lake, Buffalo, N. Y., on July 14. Enright won by 2 lengths in 21:45. A large amount of money changed hands.

The 3:37 class trotting race at Saugerties, N. Y., on July 14, was won by Roland in straight heats; best time 2:39 1/4. The 2:33 class race was won by Peachbloss; best time 2:34 1/4. Domestic won the first and second heats; best time 2:33 1/4.

Lizzie Dwyer ran 1 1/4 miles in 3:08 at Chicago, Ill., on July 3, 1886. The first quarter was made in 25 seconds, the first half in 50, the first mile in 1:43 and the last quarter in 35. It is the greatest performance ever made by a horse of Lizzie Dwyer's age.

Grafton won the 2:56 class trot at Pittsburgh, Pa., on July 14; best time, 2:56 1/4. The 2:18 pacing race was won by Tommy Lynn; best time, 2:34 1/4. During the fourth heat of the 2:26 race, Grafton was also the fencer, demolishing the sulky and throwing Dickerson, who drove, on the track. The horse continued its course around the track and finally jumped the fence, but fortunately escaped injury, and in the next heat was the winner. Dickerson was not hurt.

The Seamen's Yacht Club regatta took place on Staten Island Sound on July 13. Stakeboats marking a triangular 10-mile course, with a "loop," were anchored off Tottenville, Rossville Cove and opposite the Seamen's House. The Mary won in Class A, beating the Venture, 11 minutes 19 seconds. The Twilight won in Class B, beating the Defiance, 5 minutes 43 seconds, and the Harry Gray, having entered as a special class, the judges awarded her a silk pennant for sailing the course.

At the Coney Island Red and Gun Club shoot at Parkville, L. I., on July 14, the best shooting ever done on that ground was accomplished by the first five in the sweepstakes. They each killed seven straight birds, four of the five using their second barrel. The winners were A. Jones, 30 yards, first money; L. Dwyer, 28 yards, and Capt. Cresser, 27 yards, divided second; H. McLoughlin, 27 yards, third, and H. W. Blattmachre, 24 yards, fourth. During the afternoon 120 birds were shot at, of which 96 were killed and 24 escaped. Hurlingham rules governed the contest.

Jack King, of Pittsburgh, who recently fought Capt. James Dalton, at Chicago, writes to Richard K. Fox in reference to the battle. "I broke my wrist just as I was finishing him in the third round, and had to go him three more rounds to finish the fight. Dalton couldn't hurt me with a mallet. He's a clever sparrer, nothing more. My arm is getting along splendid; it will be all right in about another month or less. I see by your GAZETTE that Frank Herald is a terror to all Eastern heavy-weights. I wonder at Ashton not tackling him. As soon as my arm is all right I shall give you a call. I am big enough to fight anybody, and am never afraid to try."

After the northern championship tennis tournament at Liverpool, Mr. James Dwyer of this city participated in the tournament of the Edgborough Cricket Club, beginning June 28. In the gentlemen's single handicap he was beaten by E. F. Chance in the second round. In the all-comers' singles he defeated G. E. Brown in the first round, 6-0, 4-6, 6-2; and was beaten in the second round by G. B. Deykin, 6-0, 6-5. Deykin played in wonderful form. In the gentlemen's doubles, Mr. Dwyer and W. Renshaw, owing 15, were beaten by Deykin and Ross, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. Owing to the death of his wife, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton recently resigned the Melbourne gold prize, and J. M. Heathcote (holder of the silver prize) and E. N. Akroyd, competed for it: Heathcote won by 3 sets to love.

At the annual meeting of the Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association, at Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 14, the Fort Wayne, Newark and Wyandotte clubs were expelled for the non-payment of dues. In the junior class the starters were William Sullivan, of the Chicago Delawares, J. J. Lynn and Dennis Lynn, of Port Huron. J. J. Lynn won easily in 18:02 1/4. In the junior pairs the Excelsiors and Centennials, of Detroit, and the Grand Rivers, of Lansing, contested. The Grand Rivers won in 15:45, Centennials second, Excelsiors third. In the senior doubles, the Delawares, of Chicago, and Cognacs, of Battle Creek, contested, and the race was an easy one for the Delawares, who won in 14:35 1/4. The great event of the meeting was the race for senior fours. The starters were the Sylvas, of Moline, and Hilldales and Farraguts, of Chicago. The Sylvas won in 12:19, Hilldales second, and Farraguts third.

At Bay Ridge, near Baltimore, Md., July 16th, there was an interesting regatta. The races were rowed on a lake just off the bay, and were over a course three-quarters of a mile long, necessitating three turns in a distance of three miles. Wallace Ross, John J. Ritz, and John Teemer were in the first race. Ross took the water first and kept the lead up to the second turn, when Teemer pulled ahead. Just after the third turn Ross again went to the front, and won the race in 19 minutes. Teemer second, and Ritz a bad third, he being far behind from the start. The second race was between Courtney, Hamm and Lee over the same course. Courtney made a bad start, while Lee and Hamm got away together. Hamm at once took the lead, closely followed by Lee and Courtney. They kept in that order until the last turn was made, when Courtney spurred and came down the homestretch pulling hard. Lee passed him, but was unable to hold the lead, and Courtney won by a length, in 19 minutes 35 seconds.

The steam yacht race of July 15 was a fine one, the wind, weather and sea being favorable for good steaming. Jay Gould's steamer Atlanta scored another triumph, beating W. E. Connor's Yosemite with ease. These two were all that started in the first class, and the Atlanta was the Commodore's cup for the best time over the course, in addition to her class prize. According to the club rule, however, only one prize can be taken by any yacht, and Mr. Gould must elect within three days which he will take. The other will go to the Yosemite. The feature of the racing was the wonderful performance of the steam launch Heretic, which has been recently built by the Herreshoffs. Though not entered in the race for this port from Larchmont, she started with the second-class yachts and ran them out of sight before the course was half covered. If she had been entered for the Commodore's cup she would have crowded the queenly Atlanta hard for that trophy, and as she is only 45 feet 7 inches water-line length this performance is remarkable. In the second-class the steamer Meteor, recently purchased by A. E. Bateman, made the best time, but failed to win on account of having violated the sailing rules by passing to the northward of Stratford Lighthouse, and the prize in this class goes to Commander J. G. Hoagland's Lagonda. The winner in the third class is indicated in the table annexed:

FIRST CLASS.					
Name.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.	
Atlanta.	12 01 03	4 36 00	4 34 57	—	
Yosemite.	12 02 02	5 39 40	5 36 38	5 10 12	
SECOND CLASS.					
Lagonda.	11 00 00	4 53 47	5 53 39	5 36 58	
Iranda.	10 52 58	5 26 33	6 33 35	5 43 19	
Meteor.	10 54 48	4 31 30	5 36 43	5 36 43	
THIRD CLASS.					
Nereid.	8 24 00	3 15 30	6 51 30	6 51 30	
Edith.	8 24 51	4 26 20	8 01 29	7 21 22	
Viola.	8 24 25	4 35 30	8 11 05	7 23 45	
NOT COMPETING.					
Henrietta.	10 45 46	4 18 00	5 22 14	—	
Orizaba.	10 56 30	4 25 47	5 29 17	—	

In the first class the Atlanta has her choice of prizes, the Yosemite taking the second. In the second class the Meteor makes the best time, but is disqualified for going a wrong course. The Lagonda, therefore, wins. In the third class the Nereid wins, beating the Edith 29 minutes 57 seconds.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

P. J. Clyde, R. I.—No.  
P. G. Clyde, R. I.—No.  
B. E., Chicago.—A wins.  
A. W., Washington, D. C.—No.  
W. B., Chicago.—Thanks for letter.  
SOLDIER, David's Island.—A wins.  
W. C., Michigan.—Miss Annie Shannon.  
J. E. H., Anasconda.—We do not keep a record.  
J. W., Mobeetie, Texas.—4 minutes 16 1/2 seconds.  
K. Lynn, Mass.—The race must be run over again.  
L. W., Chesterfield, Conn.—Yes, in the near future.  
G. M. C., Montreal.—The match did not take place.  
B. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Apply to some sporting man.  
READER, Pierre, Dak.—The field is closed to the post.  
B. R., Indianapolis.—1. \$1 is \$5. 2. A stone is 14 pounds.  
J. M., Carlisle.—Send 25 cents and we will mail you rules.  
P. F., Buffalo, N. Y.—Yes; A has a right to count his jacket.  
M. T., San Miguel, Col.—We do not know of any such person.  
B. C., Diamond, Portage County, Ohio.—Procure a geography.  
R. B. H., Philadelphia.—Yes, in conjunction with Billy Madden.  
D. F., Harrisburg, Pa.—Ed Price, the lawyer, is the same party.  
D. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.—John L. Sullivan is twenty-eight years of age.

J. E. S., Jordan, N. Y.—A wins, if the winning score was to decide.

CONSTANT READER.—Send for the "Sporting Man's Companion."

J. C., Pine Bluff, Ark.—1. Charles Mitchell was born Nov. 31, 1861. 2. Yes.

C. E., Alpena, Mich.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches. Paddy Ryan, 6 feet.

R. S., Thurlow, Del.—Feed him on bran mash and chopped feed three times a day.

D. B. C., Richmond, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Write to the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

P. R., Logan City, A. T.—1. Joe Goss won seven fights. 2. Both matches ended in a draw.

P. W. J., Lima, Ohio.—The referee's decision is final, no matter whether it is correct or not.

M. N., Minneapolis.—A champion pugilist must fight all comers if he desires to hold the title.

B. S., Susquehanna, Pa.—Time and place must be mutually agreed to by both principals.

N. G., Lockport, N. Y.—The best way to practice for a standing broad jump is to jump up hill.

T. D., Lynn, Mass.—1. Certainly a man can win on a sure thing where there is no fraud. 2. No.

T. S., Atlantic City, N. J.—Dempsey has his money up ready to meet him to a finish at any time.

H. F., Augusta, Me.—Two shoulders and one hip, or two hips and one shoulder constitutes a fall.

P. R., Denver, Col.—1. Any hand is a pot hand if the player chooses to play it so. 2. Yes. 3. No.

C. F., Fisherville.—If you think your man can defeat any one, put up a forfeit and issue a challenge.

M. J. K., New York City.—We do not know the location. Write to Charles E. Davies, Clark street, Chicago.

W. G. S., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Jim Heenan died on June 14, 1868.

2. John C. Heenan died Oct. 28, 1873. 3. Yes.

P. R., Danville, Conn.—On May 24, 1884, H. Hutchins ran 300 yards in 30 seconds at Edinburg, Scotland.

F. E. H., Navasota, Texas.—Send 25 cents to this office for the "American Athlete." It contains training article.

G. A. R., Albany, N. Y.—1. John Teemer's time, when he defeated Hanlan, was 21 minutes 13 seconds. 2. Yes.

W. H. R., Salem, Ohio.—Send 25 cents to this office for "Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the records.

A. B., New Orleans, La.—1. It was Maud S. who trotted one mile in 2:08 1/4, at Cleveland, Ohio, on July 28, 1885. 2. A wins.

GOLDEN COLT, Golden, Col.—You cannot force the chairman to vote, consequently it is a draw—unless they do otherwise.

C. C., Cleveland, Ohio.—A wins, for the referee's decision in the Heenan and Sayers fight was that the contest was a draw.

Sam'l. DOWELL, Garyburg, N. C.—"Fanny Hill" cannot be sold or bought in this State, and is never advertised in these columns.

W. S., St. Louis.—1. Yes. 2. Buckden, the stallion, died on Nov. 22. 3. He broke down in 1874. 4. No. 5. Capt. Cottrill owned him.

E. R., New York City.—I wish you to decide a bet on dice. The first roll, E bet on 17, G bet on three deuces. Which won? G wins.

P. N., Kansas City.—1. Robert E. Odlum lost his life while jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge, a distance of 126 feet. 2. He belonged to Washington. 3. No.

CONSTANT READER, Harrison, Mich.—Send for the "Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the information. It will be mailed you on receipt of 25 cents.

G. M. S., Ottawa.—The St. Michael's College won the baseball match at Toronto, on Oct. 21, 1885, making a score of 10 to 8. 2. Against the University baseball team.

J. C., Detroit, Mich.—1. H. W. Clark made a Canadian record of 2 minutes 58 3/4 seconds, for a mile on a bicycle. 2. It was made at the Woodstock, Can., bicycle races.

H. H., Chicago, Ill.—You have made a mistake, for D. M. Sullivan's performances at three standing jumps and hop, step and jump did not beat G. W. Hamilton's record. 2. No.

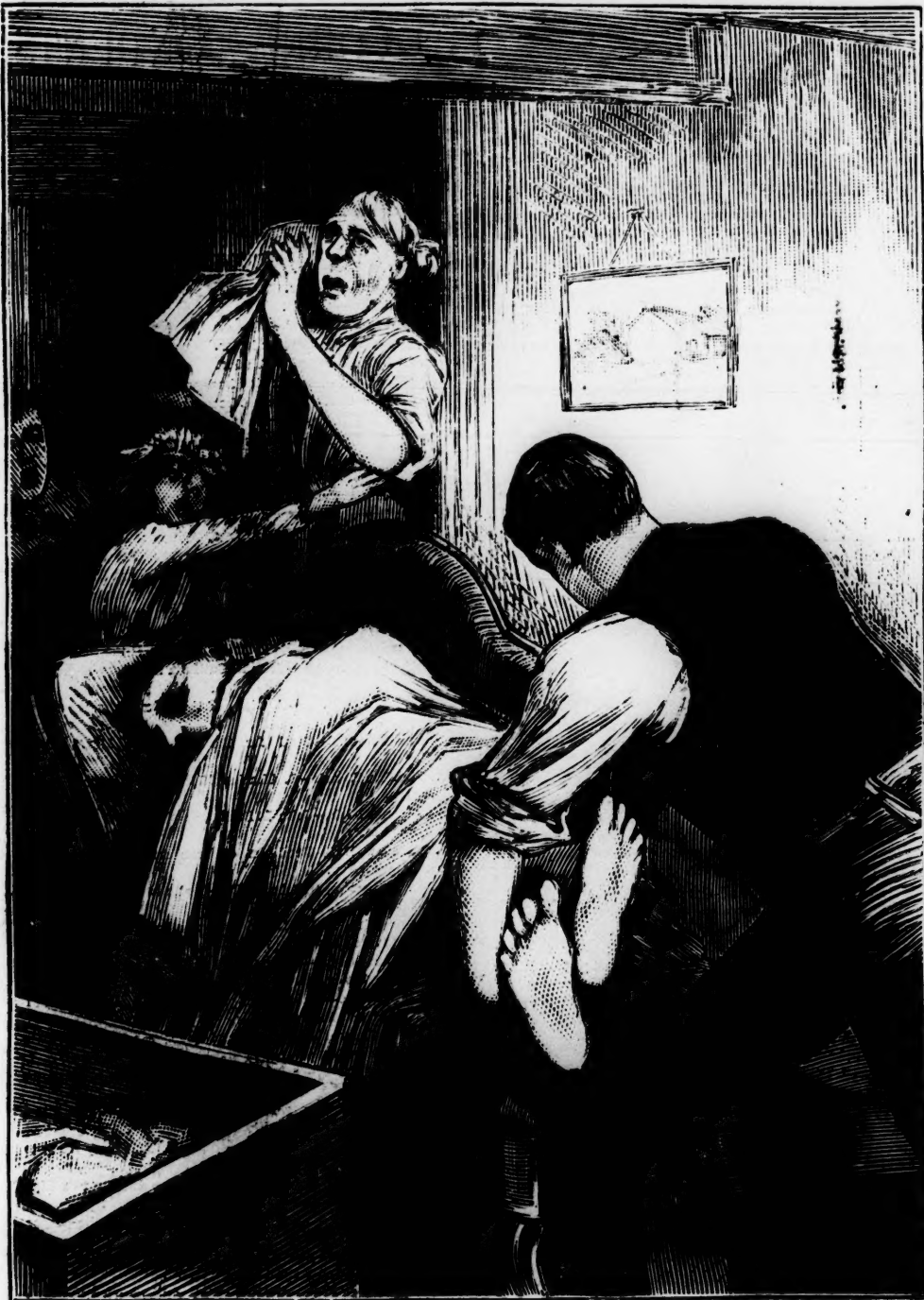
N. B.—B wins. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan have met twice in the ring, once with bare knuckles and once with gloves. Sullivan won the first contest; the second was a draw.

ARCHIE McCUE, Mud Springs.—1. Could not publish your letter. 2. In reference to the "Police Gazette" diamond belt it is still in this office. The belt that Jack Dempsey holds is the middle, not the heavy-weight belt.

BLACK AND TAN, Latonia, Ky.—1. Yes. 2. At Staffordshire in 1861 Jocko killed 25 rats in 1 minute 25 seconds. On July 8, 1862, he killed 50 rodents in 3 minutes 18 seconds. On May 1, 1862, he killed 100 rats in 5 minutes 28 seconds, the shortest time on record, and 1,000 rats in 1 hour 40 minutes. On June 10, 1862, Jocko killed 200 rats in 14 minutes 37 seconds, and the time has never been beaten in England or this country. The performances of Jocko at rat-killing have never been excelled.

J. W. S., Norfolk, Va.—The Astley 6-day-go-as-you-please belt and a record of races for the trophy: First race, at Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, March 18 to 23, 1878—Dan O'Leary, 520 2/7 miles; H. Vaughan, 500 1/7 miles; "Blower" Brown, 477 2/7 miles; G. Ide, 405 4/7 miles; J. Smith, 394 6/7 miles; W. Corkey, 335 2/7 miles; W. Lewis, 270 miles; P. McCarthy, 264 2/7 miles; J. McLeary, 250 6/7 miles; J. Gregory, 231 3/7 miles; J. Groves, 220 2/7 miles; G. Johnson, 205 miles; W. Smith, 194 miles; S. R. Johnson, 192 miles; W. H. Smythe, 176 miles; J. Bailey, 139 miles; C. C. Martyn, 65 miles; G. Hazael, 50 miles. Second race, at Madison Square Garden, New York city, Sept. 30 to Oct. 5, 1878—D. O'Leary, 403 miles; J. Hughes, 310 miles. Third race at Madison Square Garden, New York city, March 10 to 15, 187





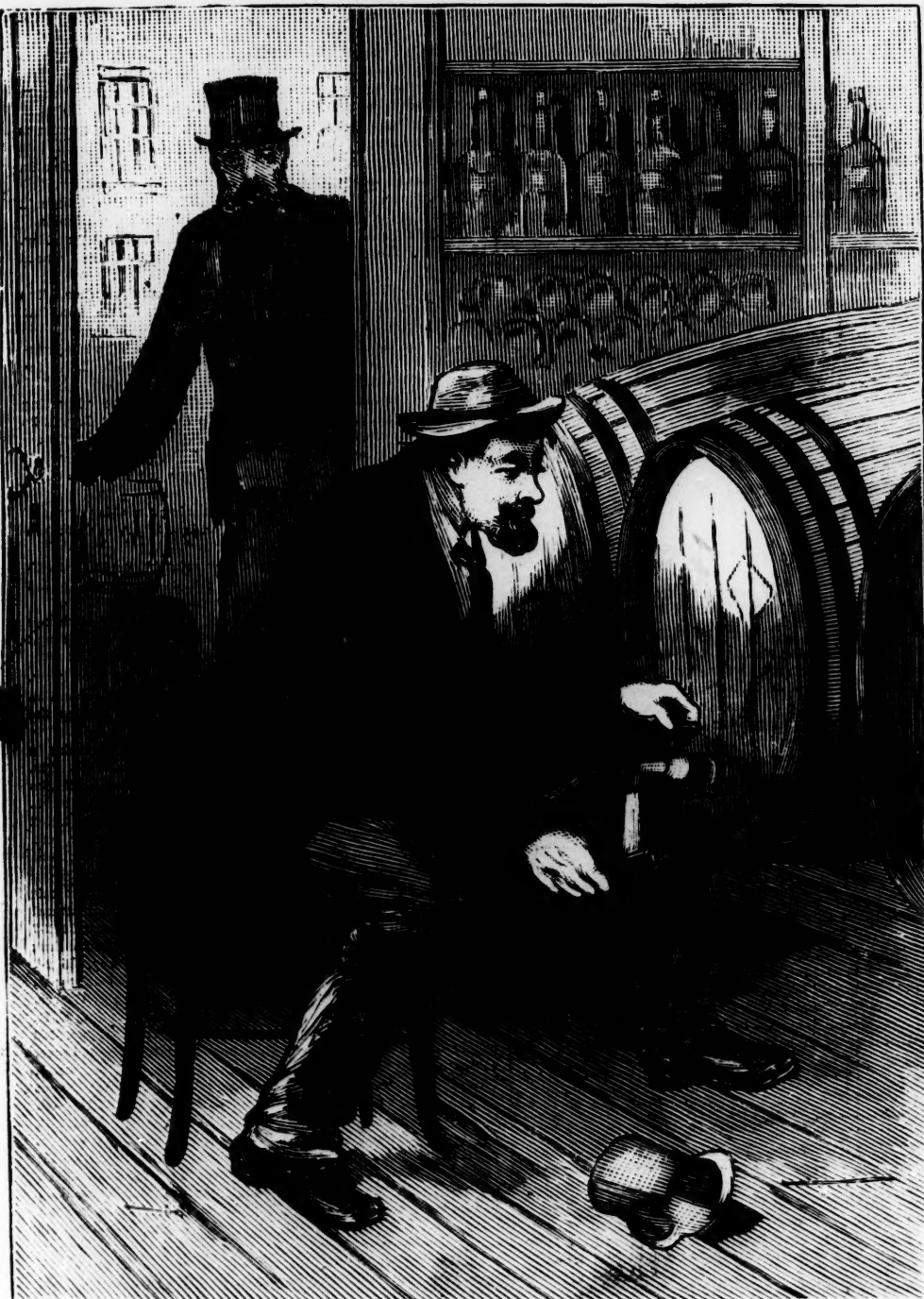
NO CASH, NO COFFIN.

THE HEARTLESS OUTRAGE PERPETRATED BY A NEW YORK UNDERTAKER ON THE HELPLESS FAMILY OF GEORGE W. WILSON.



HE ARMED HIS WIFE.

JOHN H. WIXOM OF KAWKAWLIN, MICHIGAN, GIVES HIS ABUSED WIFE WEAPONS OF PROTECTION AGAINST HER NEIGHBORS.



HOW HE WORKED IT.

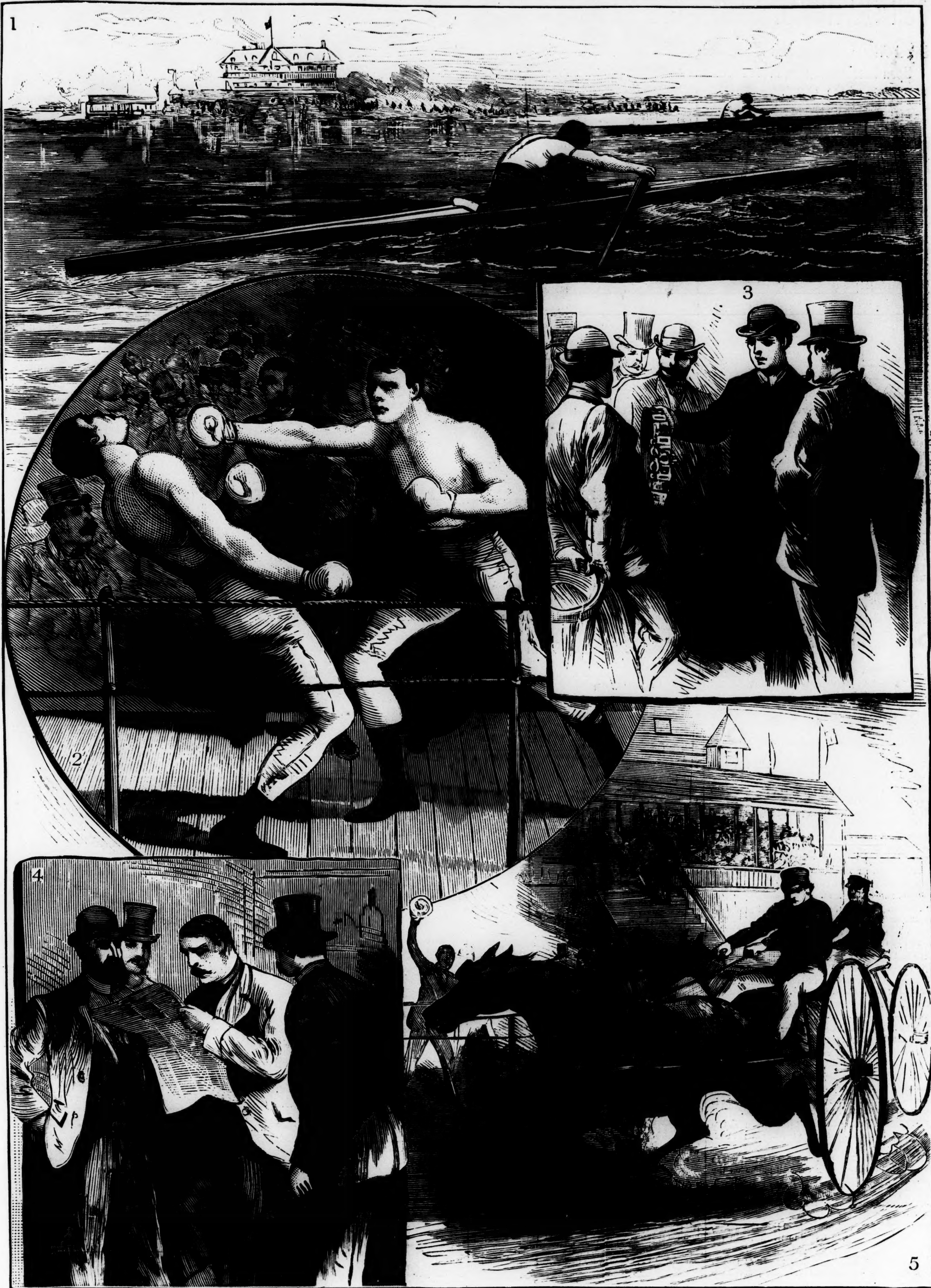
THE SMART BUT UNSUCCESSFUL TRICK OF MR. C. A. FISK IN PHILIP CITY, ARIZONA.



CRAZED BY LOVE.

THE EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE OF MISS SEENEY DU BOIS OF PATERSON, N. J., WHO IS DEAD-STUCK ON DR. NEER.





## SOME SPORT.

HOW THE DULL DISTRESSFUL YEDIUM OF THE WORK-DAY WEEK WAS BROKEN BY INNOCENT DIVERSION AND OTHER THINGS.

I.—Wallace Ross Defeating John Teemer at Baltimore. II.—Jack McAuley, of San Francisco, Knocking Out Dick Matthews. III.—Jack Dempsey Exhibiting the Police Gazette Middle-Weight Belt at Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco. IV.—John L. Sullivan Reads Frank Herald's Challenge. V.—Harry Wilkes Wins the Special Trotting Purse at Pittsburg, Pa.



## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments  
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts  
of the Country.



Al. Mayes.

The portrait which heads our column this week is that of Al. Mayes, the promising young pitcher of the Metropolitan Club. He was born in Dover, Ohio, about twenty-one years ago. His first appearance on the ball field as a professional player was in 1883, when he was engaged by the Oil City Club. He retired from the arena and went into other business during the season of 1884 and part of 1885, until he was finally induced to join the Louisville Club, with whom he finished the season. He was released to the Mets in the early part of the present season, and has done very effective work since he has been playing with the Staten Island manager.

Anson says the pennant is his.  
Little Streaker is calous from sliding.  
Kilroy has lost his grip as a pitcher.  
Tommy York is far from being a favorite in St. Louis.  
The Chicagos will yet make it lively for the Detroit.  
Lucas is sick at heart over the poor success of his club.

Schomberg is rapidly gaining popularity in Pittsburg.

Mutrie is now searching Thompson street for a mascot.

Bill Taylor seems to be getting fatter and fatter each day.

Will they ever take a drop on the new League and ten club racket.

Valentine is umpiring more satisfactorily this season than he did last.

Joe Hornum, when in condition, is about as good as they make them.

The Harvards are down in the mouth over losing the championship to Yale.

It went hard, but still Anson paid it; \$110 is by no means a small amount.

It does not seem to worry the Chicagos much to see the Detroit in the lead.

The Philadelphia are playing great ball, to which the New Yorks can testify.

Kuehne has taken part in every game the Pittsburg Club has played this season.

"Foghorn" Bradley has lost his great popularity throughout the Western cities.

Gillespie has been doing some pretty free hitting since he was put back on the nine.

If a ball player could get every thing he wanted the earth would not be a circumstance.

Gillespie has recovered from his indisposition and is now finding the ball in great shape.

Burns, of the Newark, is a very fine coach, but, holy mackerel, how they do guy him.

The Athletic Club has been a bitter disappointment to the Philadelphia people this season.

This is a great season for deals. We hear of nothing but deals and rumors of deals all the time.

Jack Hayes, who was dropped by the Brooklyn last season, is now doing good work for Hartford.

The Detroit has no slouch in Ned Hanlan, as he is not one of the kind that sleeps on the ball field.

Radbourne is getting down to his old form and is proving one of the most effective twirlers in the business.

Since Joe Gerhardt plugged up the hole that was in his bat he has been smashing the ball plumb on the nose.

Nine such men as Mike Kelly is what is needed at Staten Island to pull Wiman's "Indians" out of the mire.

The Eastern League has had hard luck this season, as in previous seasons, in trying to live through the season.

The Blues is a very appropriate name, as it certainly does give the Boston people the blues to see them play ball.

Jimmy Clinton seems to be in as hard luck at playing as he was at umpiring. Can it be possible that he has lost his grip?

Jim Mutrie showed his good common sense by holding on to Esterbrook, as he is now doing great work for the New Yorks.

McLaughlin, the short stop of the Waterburys, deserves credit for the plucky style in which he plays, in spite of his spiked foot.

Roger Connor has eight or ten three-baggers to his credit, but he does not seem able to get beyond the third bag on any of his hits.

Manning's arm is mending finely, and he will just about be in good shape to smash it up again by the time the Detroit strike this town.

The Pittsburgs are liable to make the best of them hustle, and the club that takes a game away from them has to play ball for all it is worth.

It is claimed by some that Dan O'Leary is the picture of bad luck. This must be a mistake, however, as a better hearted man than Dan is does not live.

The St. Louis-Chicago game of July 13 will long be remembered, as the nine runs the St. Louis club scored were earned, as were the two scored by Chicago.

Young Murphy, of St. Louis, is a pretty good twirler, but what he gains in effectiveness he loses in his wretched command of the ball at critical moments.

The Cincinnati have been hitting the ball pretty hard this season, and it is only through the hardest kind of hard luck that they have lost so many games.

Louisville's big center-fielder has had many a hard fall out of that famous Indian wrestler, "fire water," still he sticks to him like grim death to a dead nigger.

Johnston, of the Boston, is now settling down to be a first class batsman since he has given up the foolish idea of trying to lose the ball every time he goes to the bat.

The Washingtons were successful in securing the loan of Corcoran, but they still further showed their greed by trying to borrow Densley, but in this scheme they made a dead failure.

The Louisville people have not altogether soured on Pete Browning, as they rather pity than censure him. Pete is a rattling good player, but the old stuff is rapidly getting the better of him.

Barnie is trying to trade Hardie Henderson for two of the Athletic players, and the chances are that he will succeed, as the Athletic management are not altogether opposed to the deal.

The fight for second place in the American Association championship race this season is exceedingly interesting, as Pittsburg, Brooklyn, Cincinnati and Louisville are all putting in their claims.

Of all the fresh ducks this side of Freshville, Leitner, the pitcher of the Nyack Club, takes the cake. He has an idea that he knows it all, and his actions are not only disgusting but extremely obnoxious.

Neal, the Savannah phenominal, did not prove much of a success in Louisville, and after the same management of the club kicked themselves all over town for having given up \$600 gold money for his release.

Charlie Daniels says he can stand an awful lot and he gets it some times pretty lively from the cranks while he is umpiring, but their chattering is a pleasant pastime compared with his treatment at the hands of President Ballard.

The Detroit and Chicago Clubs are now off on a vacation and having a great picnic with the Kansas City and St. Louis Clubs. When they come East, however, they will have to settle down to hard work when they strike New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

Barnie has scooped in two old-timers by taking McGinnis and Dolan, and while the former did not prove much of a success against the Louisvilles, he may yet prove a valuable man, as he has done good work in the past and he may yet have considerable of the old vim left. Dolan is also a pretty good player, and if he plays even fairly well, he will have no difficulty in keeping pace with the other Baltimore players.

It is no wonder that the Athletics are in hard luck, when the club management is so infernally mean as to charge Fred Corey \$100 for the use of their ground on the occasion of his benefit, when everybody else gave their services for nothing. It would not appear so small were Fred an outsider, but he had been one of the most faithful of the Athletic players, until he met with an accident last fall while gunning, which has almost entirely deprived him of his eyesight.

There are many things in baseball that do not appear very clear. For instance, Latham and Bushong have a fight in Baltimore, and it creates such a grievance that the whole association rises in a body, and, after grave consideration, fine them one hundred dollars a piece. In Cincinnati, however, Bob Clark, while in full uniform, takes a bat, jumps up into the grand stand and clubs the spectators, because his brother undertook a job he could not carry through. Was Clark fined? Oh, no. He don't belong to the St. Louis Club; consequently, he was highly commended for his bravery.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad are running excursions to Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," embracing the Glen Onoko, and a thrilling ride over the famous gravity road known as the Switch Back. The route lies through the richest part of New Jersey and the beautiful Lehigh Valley, running along the charming banks of the Lehigh River, and passing through the grand old mountains of Pennsylvania, affording one of the grandest panoramic views of natural scenery in the world. Trains leave Cortlandt or Desbrosses streets, with parlor cars attached, at 8:10 A. M., on July 28, August 11, 25, Sept. 8, 22, Oct. 6, 20, making stops at Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, placing the round trip at \$2.25. No one should miss this trip.

**CURE FOR THE DEAF.**  
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscox, 353 Broadway, N. Y.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**  
Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must be in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
**COCOA**

## DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE?

Your attention is respectfully directed to the POLICE GAZETTE as a medium worthy of your consideration for advertising purposes. It is believed to have no equal on the American continent as an efficient sales-man, its influence not being confined to any section of the country; its cosmopolitan subscription list extending not only from the shores of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, but embracing every capital in Europe, and can be found doing work for its patrons from the diamond fields of South Africa to the wilds of Australia.

For any business whose goods are generally on sale throughout the United States, or offered for sale as being forwarded by mail or express, the GAZETTE will prove a handsomely remunerative investment and an outstrip in results any medium at a smaller or higher rate, and do as much effective work as one hundred ordinary newspapers of the period.

Have you ever tried it?  
Address,  
RICHARD K. FOX,  
Box 40, New York City.

What the Rev. Thos. E. Green says in his "White Cross address":  
"Anyone can buy, and the quality devoured is beyond belief. One paper prints million & more, six times that of all together. Add the circulation of Harper's, Century and Atlantic, the triumphs of our modern journalism, still the POLICE GAZETTE outnumbers these alone. The people must want it though, or it could not be so."

Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co., the advertising agents of New York, in their eighteenth volume of the American Newspaper Directory, published in 1886, say the circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is 14, which gives credit for an average of over One Hundred Thousand.

An advertiser says: "I do not know where I could pick out a better advertising medium than your POLICE GAZETTE. My correspondence reaches from Maine to Oregon and also Canada, in fact I have letters from every State in the Union. You must have a very large circulation to represent so many States."

"Would say that my limited experience of the GAZETTE is that it is a first-class advertising medium. It pays to use it. It is in fact the only paper that has ever paid me for my outlay. Your charge of \$1 per line is cheaper than others I could name at 5 cents."

A. WILLIAMS, Agent Fowler (English) Pills.

The Importing Co., Oswego, N. Y., says: "Results from GAZETTE advertising are highly satisfactory. The enclosed envelope from the diamond fields, South Africa, is only a sample of foreign orders that we are constantly receiving from all parts of the globe."

Our late ad in the GAZETTE has brought us in over 250 answers to date, and all the Western States and foreign countries yet to hear from, and we consider your paper a very profitable medium for advertisers. Wishing you continued prosperity, we are  
NOVELTY CARD CO.,  
Springfield, Ohio.

**NINETY FOUR REPLIES IN SIX DAYS.**  
Office of M. BENJAMIN,  
Montclair, N. J., Dealer in Novelties, etc.

I have received ninety-four cash orders from the two-line "ad," which you inserted for me in your last issue. The POLICE GAZETTE is the best advertising paper I have ever used.  
W. BENJAMIN.

Can't possibly do without the POLICE GAZETTE. Over two years' constant use has convinced us that it is the very best medium in existence. Will send you new copy in June.  
UNION SUPPLY AGENCY,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**OFFICE OF THE**  
**SAN MATEO MEDICINE CO.,**  
St. Louis, Mo.

You need not send your circulars to us. Experience has demonstrated the great value of the GAZETTE as an advertising medium; it stands so far in advance of all the leading papers of the country that comparisons are obvious. "Ads." in the GAZETTE are not experiments, but investments.  
SAN MATEO MED. CO.

**THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
No. 12 Nassau Street,  
New York, Dec. 17, 1883.

Please continue our 12-line watch advertisement. The price is high, but we are free to say it pays much better than the amount invested in most other mediums.  
Send bill for amount due you at any time.  
WORLD MFG. CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1884.  
I can say that your papers have proved to be an excellent advertising medium.  
CLARENCE C. DEPUY.

**OFFICE OF TRUE & CO., PUBLISHERS.**  
Augusta, Maine, Jan. 30, 1884.

The POLICE GAZETTE has proved of great service to us in our business. Our advertisement, which has appeared regularly therein for some years, brings us letters daily.

We take pleasure in saying that we know, from experience, that it is one of the very best advertising mediums in this country. We inclose check for another year's advertising.  
TRUE & CO.

30 NASSAU STREET,  
NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1884.  
The POLICE GAZETTE has proved very satisfactory to me for advertising purposes, in fact, superior to any sporting paper in this country.  
W. SCOTT.

**OFFICE OF WORTH BROS.**  
Manufacturers and Dealers in Novelty Goods,  
726 SIXTH STREET,  
NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1884.

We wish our advertisement continued in the GAZETTE. Our continuing the advertisement speaks for itself.

We must say that the money we have invested in advertising in your paper was well spent. We consider your paper the best for advertising, and we know whereof we speak, for we have advertised extensively within the last five years. The proof of a good advertising medium is in the returns the advertiser receives.  
WORTH BROS.

SALEM, N. H., Feb. 23, 1884.  
Having advertised for several years in the POLICE GAZETTE with highly satisfactory results, we take pleasure in expressing our appreciation of the same.  
H. O. BROWN & CO.

WOODVILLE, R. I., March 12, 1884.  
Our advertisements in the POLICE GAZETTE have proved most satisfactory to us. Our "ads." now running in your paper bring letters daily from all parts of the country. We appreciate your paper most highly.  
M. L. WEST & CO.

IONIA, MICH., March 22, 1884.  
The advertisements we have been running in your paper have answered our purpose admirably, and we find your patrons are not confined to this continent, frequently receiving orders from Europe and other foreign countries.  
GEM CARD CO.

**NEW YORK "DAILY NEWS."**  
Office 25 Park Row,  
New York, April 17, 1884.

We have advertised the "New York Weekly News" in over one thousand papers in all sections of the Union within the past six months. The advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE has given us larger cash returns than any twenty of the other journals we have used.  
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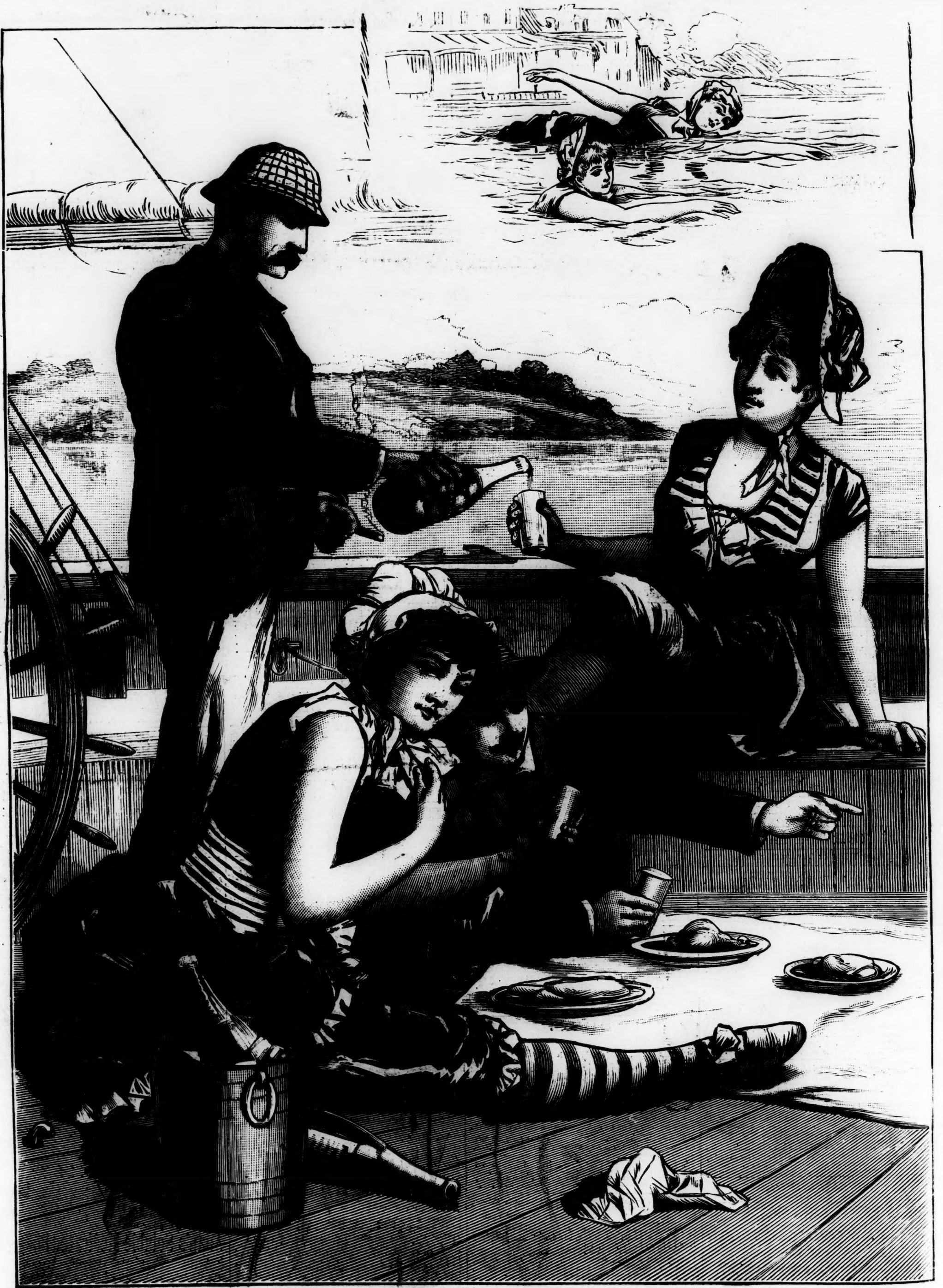
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